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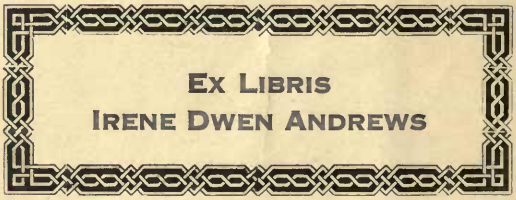
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MEMORABLE DUBLIN HOUSES

By WILMOT HARRISON

A HANDY AND DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE

WITH THIRTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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MCMIX

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MEMORABLE DUBLIN HOUSES.

ROUTE I.

COMMENCING our tour of interest at College Green, we first visit

TRINITY COLLEGE.

In the first floor on the left of the Portico of the Examination Hall, standing on the right in Parliament Square—the entrance being in the court—lived, 1807-21, the eccentric Vice-Provost, and Professor of Oriental Languages, **John Barrett, D.D.,** familiarly spoken of to this day as "Jacky Barrett." Many years before, when a student, and occupying a garret in the library square, where his extreme penuriousness led him to dispense with a fire in the severest weather, it is recorded that he was on one occasion found by some frolicsome fellow-students—the night being bitterly cold—sitting doubled up, apparently reading his Greek lecture for the morning, with a rushlight stuck in the back of the chair, and growing stiff and torpid with the cold, and was resuscitated by a draught of hot rum punch from the kettle in which it was the custom to concoct the "brew." He kept his money in a stocking —which on one occasion burst in his hand during an interview with a student—until he had accumulated enough to buy a debenture. "So strong was his passion for hoarding," we read in the article above quoted, "that he never burned a candle in the evening unless engaged in writing or some other occupation which rendered one absolutely necessary. . . . . How completely this extraordinary passion had counteracted the natural kindness of his disposition was strongly exhibited in another instance towards his poor old attendant Catty. He had sent her out, as usual, one morning, for a halfpenny worth of milk; he gave her a penny to pay for it, with strict injunctions to be

correct in bringing back the change. The poor woman, whom old age and want had rendered infirm, slipped and fell in the college court as she was returning with the milk, hurting her leg so severely that she was immediately carried off to the hospital. She had for many years been the doctor's only companion, and being sincerely grieved for the accident he went at once to the hospital to see her. The unfortunate woman was lying in bed writhing with pain, and her old master was at first affected to tears; but his habitual avarice was too strong to be suppressed, and after expressing his sorrow for her misfortune he began: 'D'ye hear, Catty, where's the jug?' 'Oh, doctor, dear!' groaned the poor woman, 'sure the jug was broken, and I couldn't help it.' 'Very good, Catty, that's true, it couldn't be helped; but d'ye see me now, where's my halfpenny change?'" Though "reputed by those who had the means of observation to be the most extensive general scholar of his time," the strangest stories were circulated of his uncouth simplicity. "He was a man of low stature with a huge head, disproportioned to the size of his body, and a large hooked nose, disproportioned to the size of his head. . . . . He wore a profusion of his own hair, turned up before and curled upon a buckle behind like a wig: this he used carefully to powder at every examination and at no other time. . . . . When the examination was over he carefully combed out the powder into a sheet of paper, and kept it till the next year." He was caricatured as a sweep—his hood being transformed into a soot-bag—an appellation which his exceedingly foul linen and dirty face are said to have fully merited. Dr. Barrett only dined out of the common hall once in forty years, and then—the visit being a suburban one—opportunities offered for his identification of sheep as the source from which mutton is derived,—a fact previously unknown to him—and the explanation of the difference between a live duck and a

partridge. He left £80,000 for charitable uses, £200 to the chief porter of the University, and £25 a year to each of his four nieces, who were in poor circumstances—to whom, when they visited him, he would thus address himself: "Eh! do you see me now? What do you come after me for till I'm dead." Among the other anomalies of this strange being it should be mentioned that though able to speak Latin and Greek fluently his English was absurdly ungrammatical; and while his general conduct and the integrity of his life was strictly consistent with his religious professions, he indulged in cursing and swearing to an unlimited extent. Barrett died in 1821 at the age of seventy-five.

At **No. 35,** in the inner square, lived **James Henthorn Todd, D.D.,** the distinguished author and antiquary, and, as Archdeacon Cotton designated him in 1850, "the *sine qua non* of every literary enterprise in Dublin." The writer of the obituary notice in the *Athenæum* says: "Though Todd was a clergyman, and even a Doctor of Divinity, he was chiefly known in this country and on the continent of Europe as a Celtic scholar and laborious writer. President of the Royal Irish Academy, master-spirit of the Irish Archæological Society, and Regius Professor of Hebrew, he had a wide field of activity, and he was never unequal to the demands made upon his knowledge and capacity." He had a country residence at Clonskeagh in 1852, and after 1857 at Silverton, Rathfarnham, where he died in 1869 at the age of sixty-four. (See page 132).

COLLEGE GREEN.

No. 3, now the office of the National Assurance Company, is the central portion of what was formerly **Daly's Club,** which, in 1822, extended from Foster's Place to Anglesea Street. The shape of the windows

in the top storey, which were formerly circular, as appears from an engraving in possession of the manager of the Assurance Company, was altered as late as 1870. The Club removed hither on relinquishing the premises at 2 and 3 Dame Street in 1791. It is recorded that in the days of the Irish Parliament a footpath across Foster Place connected the Club with the western portico of Parliament House the door by which the Club was formerly entered being since converted into a window. The members of the Hell-fire Club and similar societies used to meet at Daly's, where unlimited gambling and dissipation abounded. The interior was so magnificently decorated as to excite the admiring surprise of travellers, who it is said, pronounced it superior to anything of its kind in Europe. Peter Depoe succeeded Daly as Manager of the Club, and so continued until 1823.

A continuation of College Green is

DAME STREET.

No. 1, according to Gilbert's *History of Dublin*, was the residence of **Joseph Stock,** "the respectable and learned Bishop" of Killala, Editor of Demosthenes, in conjunction with Leland, and of the work of Bishop Berkeley; and who is complimented in Hardy's *Life of Charlemont* for his "most accurate account" of the arrival of General Humbert "with the very insignificant force under his command" at Killala, in 1798, the "rout of the French, and the short battle which took place."

Passing round the front of the City Hall we enter

CASTLE STREET.

On a portion of the city wall, on the south side, is a long building, stone-fronted in the lower storey, brick above, formerly the banking house of **David D. De La Touche,** who built it in 1735. He was the

second of the name; his father, an officer of a regiment of French refugees in the service of William III during the wars of the Irish revolution, having established the banking business in Dublin in another house in the same street. The younger De La Touche was a man of extended if not judicious benevolence. It is said that in his old age he never went out without having his pockets filled with shillings, and in reply to friendly protests against their indiscriminate distribution he would reply, "if my shillings fall *à propos* once in ten times, it is enough." He died suddenly, in 1745, while on his knees attending Divine Service in the Castle Chapel.

Returning to the front of the City Hall, we pass down

PARLIAMENT STREET.

No. 12 was the office of the Fenian newspaper, *The Irish People*, which was entered by the police on the night of September 15th, 1865; when the type and presses were seized, and those persons on the premises at the time arrested, the books of the concern with the names of the agents and subscribers being also carried away. This was followed by the arrest of the editors and of several other persons prominently associated with the organization.

No. 27, at the south-west corner of Essex Street, was the house of **George Faulkner,** the printer, having been erected by him. He established a newspaper called the *Dublin Journal*, in 1724, in conjunction with James Hoey, when in business at Skinner's Row. Swift requiring a printer after the death of Harding sent for the publisher of the *Dublin Journal*, and was, in due course, waited on by Hoey; but Hoey's manners and mode of speech were not to the taste of the Dean. When asked "if he was a

printer? he replied that he "was an apology for one," and in response to the query, "Where do you live?" he answered, "*Facing* the Thobel." Swift sent him away and asked to see his partner. Faulkner accordingly came, and in reply to the same questions said that "he was a printer," and that he lived "*opposite* the Thobel." "You are the man I want," said the Dean, and forthwith arranged his business with him. In one of his letters Swift describes Faulkner as "the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker; perhaps too great a one." An amusing account is given by Sheridan of how Faulkner went to visit Swift on his return from London—where he had been on the business of soliciting subscriptions for his edition of Swift's works—"dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag-wig, and other fopperies." Swift received him ceremoniously as an entire stranger, and asked, "Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty to wait upon you sir, on my return from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer." "You, George Faulkner, the printer! Why, thou art the most impudent, bare-faced imposter I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the House of Correction." Poor George returned home and having changed his dress, returned to the Deanery, and was received most cordially by Swift, who, having welcomed him "on his return from London," said, "There was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat who would fain have passed for you, but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear." Faulkner is described as large-bodied, but of medium height, with a manly and dignified cast of countenance. He was the original of Peter Paragraph, a character the performance of which by Foote, in *The Orators*, crowded the *matinées* of the time at "the little theatre in the Haymarket." Foote

also produced *The Orators* in Dublin, and it is said that his imitation of Faulkner was so close that the latter could not appear in public without becoming the subject of ridicule. Enraged at this he sent all the "devils" in his printing office to the seat of the gods—the gallery—one night to hiss Foote off the stage, while he sat in the pit to enjoy the latter's discomfiture. To his chagrin the lads all shared in the laughter which rang through the house, and when taken to task next day on the score of their behaviour, their spokesman replied, "Arrah, master, don't be tipping us your blarney, do you think we didn't know you? Sure it was your own sweet self was on the stage, and showers light upon us if we go to the play-house to hiss our worthy master." Faulkner afterwards sued Foote for damages and got a verdict for £300. One of Faulkner's visits to London resulted in a lost leg from an accidental injury. Jokes on his "wooden understanding," and his having "one leg in the grave" were afterwards rife among the Dublin wits. He lived on familiar terms with the most eminent men of his time, and died at an advanced age, in 1775. The blot on his character is his undertaking the publication of Lord Ossory's strictures on his patron Swift.

No. 26, at the opposite corner, is the establishment of **Lundy Foot & Co.,** bearing the date, on its more modern-stuccoed front, of 1780. The original proprietor of the manufactory of "Bristol Roll, Common Roll, High and Low Scotch Snuff, and Superfine Pigtail for Ladies," removed hither, according to Gilbert's *History of Dublin*, in 1774, and persumably rebuilt the premises six years later. The name appears in the *Dublin Directory* for 1790, at Aungier Street. It was probably while residing there that Lundy Foot set up his carriage and applied to Curran for a motto. Give me, my dear Curran, he said, "something of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at a

tobacconist setting up a carriage, and, for the scholarship, let it be in Latin." "I have just hit on it," said Curran, "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and your contempt for their ridicule; and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin and English, just as the reader chooses. Put up 'Quid rides' upon your carriage."

Passing on towards the river we turn to the left along

ESSEX QUAY.

No. 13, now a goldbeater's, was the residence of **William Mossop** from 1784. and the birthplace of his son of the same name—both numismatists of high repute, of whom it is recorded that "notwithstanding the difficulties under which they laboured, they were the authors of some speciments of art that will not lose by comparison with those of the most skilful of that line in any country." "Although the medallion works of Mossop are not numerous," says Mr. Gilbert, "they are interesting as the first works of the kind produced in Ireland, and a lasting evidence of a natural ability in this department of art." Among the finest productions of the elder Mossop are the medals of Swift, Charlemont, Sheridan, Grattan, and Moore, part of a series commenced in 1797. He died in 1804, at the age of fifty-three. The younger Mossop died in 1827, at the age of forty-nine.

An opening near **No. 13** leads, opposite the Church SS. Michael and John, into

LOWER EXCHANGE STREET.

At **No. 7,** the parochial house attached to the church, resided for over half a century the late **Rev. Charles P. Meehan:** at first in the attic storey; for the last

twenty years or so in the rooms the front windows of which are in the third storey, to the right of the centre. "Of late years," writes Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in an article contributed to the local press, "he came down, as he said, in the world,and obtained rooms for easy access by his friends. . . . . He covered his walls with wonderful mezzotints and life-like portraits, from the bearded Hugh O'Neill to the closely-shaven Clarence Mangan." "A compact figure," says the same authority, "under the middle size, erect as a lath, a head well set on two neat shoulders, and a chin indicative of force of character. There was something in his appearance that imperatively arrested attention. Idlers smiled as that wonderful little octogenarian passed, with a glass frequently set in one eye—as *petits-maîtres* were wont to do—while thinkers regarded him with mingled respect and interest, as a link between the two great phases of Irish agitation. The author of the *Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell* was for nearly a decade, as a young man, a resident in Rome and an accomplished Italian scholar. "Long after his return to Ireland," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "he confessed that he thought in Italian," and quotes M'Carthy that he "was much fonder of DANTE than of Dan O'Connell." He was a chronic dyspeptic like Carlyle, forming with him a curious commentary on a recent pronouncement of certain statisticians as to the necessary connection of longevity and a good digestion. His benevolence was great. It is well know that the unhappy Mangan owed his removal from his wretched lodging to the hospital where he died, to Father Meehan, and Mr. Donevan of *The Nation* reports a case in which he is said to have given the bed from under him. His birthplace will be found at page 105. He was seventy-eight at the time of his death.

Passing along Fishamble Street, at the western end of Exchange Street, we reach the extremity of the recently formed

LORD EDWARD STREET.

No. 3, facing the eastern end of Christ Church, bears on its front, under the window of its second storey, a shield on which is carved the coat of arms of the Usher family, to which the Archbishop of that name belonged; doubtless inhabiting a house formerly standing on the site of the present one. The property is supposed to have remained with the family until the early part of the last century. Its special interest, however, is as the birthplace of **James Clarence Mangan** in 1803, whose father carried on a business here with so little success that the family depended largely for support on young Clarence's employment in the office of a scrivener, and subsequently as an attorney. (See YORK STREET, page 28). Mr. Wakeman, in his pamphlet, *Old Dublin*, says that the "Sham Squire," Francis Higgins, made his *debut* in Dublin as pot-boy to the then proprietor, Mr. Smith, grandfather on the mother's side of James Clarence Mangan." (See also page 99.)

3 Lord Edward Street.

Opposite the southern front of the church is

CHRISTCHURCH PLACE.

Nos. 6 and **7** are interesting as, according to Mr. Gilbert (*History of Dublin*) containing "in the lower

stories . . . . some of the old oaken beams of the 'Cerbric House' which have by age acquired an almost incredible degree of hardness." The structure which formerly occupied the site of these two houses, and which were demolished about 1780, was, on the same authority, for nearly a century one of the chief coffee houses in Dublin—**Dick's Coffee House,** located on the drawing-room floor. The principal auctions of books, land, and property, were generally held at Dick's —the nickname of Richard Pue, the proprietor—the patrons of which, in 1740, are noticed as follows in the "humble petition of Tom Geraghty to all the worthy gentlemen who frequent Pue's Coffee House:—

> "Ye citizens, gentlemen, lawyers, and squires
> Who summer and winter surround our great fires,
> Ye quidnuncs who frequently come into Pue's
> To live upon politics, coffee, and news ——"

Pue was a printer, and published his "Occurrences" here—originally a Tory paper. Edmund Burke records, 1747 :—"As I sat in a shop under Dick's Coffee House, the back house which joined it fell and buried Pue, the coffee house keeper and his wife, in the ruins." In the same letter he tells how he had a long chase through the streets after his hat and wig, which had blown off.

At the end of High Street, which is a continuation of Christchurch Place, is the

CORNMARKET.

No. 22 is described by some as having been in the possession of one Gannon in 1798, by others as the property of Moore, who also had a house at 119 Thomas Street, now re-built. In either case it was one of **Lord Edward Fitzgerald's** places of concealment while in fear of arrest. When in Moore's

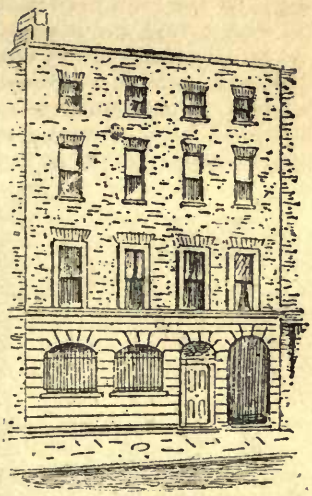
house Lord Edward passed as the French tutor of Miss Moore, who had been educated at Tours, and they spoke only in French. Madden describes her as "a person of great intelligence and enthusiasm in Lord Edward's cause," and "constantly employed during the time he remained in her father's house, carrying communications to and from Lord Edward's friends." On May 16th "a carpenter who was friendly to Moore, being employed at the Castle, overheard a conversation indicating an immediate search of Moore's premises "for pikes and traitors," and at once informed Moore, who having "a commissariat for 500 men on the premises, fled from Dublin. That evening, on pretence of going for a stroll, Lord Edward left the house No. 119 with Miss Moore on his arm, intending, as Mr. Fitzpatrick has shown, to take refuge at Magan's, on Usher's Quay, Miss Moore having, unsuspicious of the perfidy of that worthy, previously arranged matters with him. The party was attacked by Major Sirr and his men, but Lord Edward escaped capture.

Turning off from the Cornmarket, on the north side, in Upper Bridge Street, and passing through it, we reach

LOWER BRIDGE STREET.

No. 9 is notable as the house to which **Oliver Bond,** a native of the North of Ireland, removed, as a wholesale woollen draper, from Pill Lane, in 1785, and the rendezvous of the members of the Society of United Irishmen in Dublin. Madden, in his *United Irishmen*, speaks of him as "one of the most opulent and respectable merchants in Dublin." In Gilbert's *History* we read:—"In 1797 he was exceedingly active in administering the oath to the United Irishmen for the promotion of the objects of the association, whose meetings were generally held at 10 a.m. at his house, where Thomas Reynolds, the informer, was sworn in

early in the year 1797." As a result of his subsequent treachery "a warrant was issued against the suspected members of the society, and committed for execution to William Swan, Justice of the Peace; who, on the night of the 11th of January, having privately reconnoitered Bond's house, proceeded hither at 11 on the following morning accompanied by twelve sergeants in coloured clothes. . . . . Bond was secured without any resistance," also, Madden states, fourteen others of his associates, delegates from various societies, the occasion being a provincial meeting, which was held, according to the statement of Swan, in "a back room that appeared to be an addition to the house," and on an upper storey, as that worthy says, that he "bounced up-stairs." Bond was condemned at his trial to a ghastly form of execution, but received a conditional pardon. He died, however, of an apoplectic attack in Newgate.



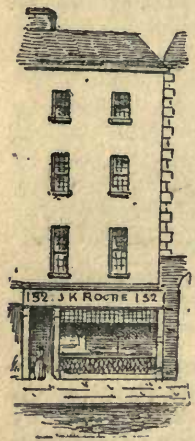
9 Lower Bridge Street.

Returning along Lower Bridge Street, Wormwood Gate leads, by New Row, into

THOMAS STREET.

Nos. 151 and **152** formed the residence of **Nicholas Murphy,** and the scene of the capture of **Lord Edward Fitzgerald** on May 18th, 1798. Madden

in his *United Irishmen*, gives Murphy's own account of the occurrence; how, "about the hour of 10 or 11 at night on the 18th, Lord Edward told me he was very ill with a cold, and it was easy to perceive it. . . . . At this time he appeared quiet tranquil and went up to the room intended for him—the back room in the attic storey. In the morning he came down to breakfast and appeared better than the night before;"—how, his apprehensions excited by news of a search at Moore's



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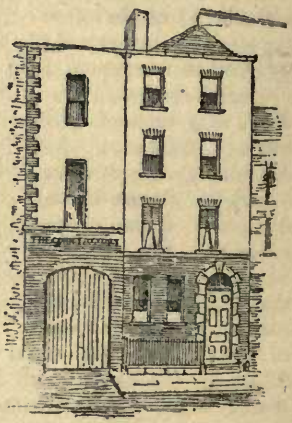


151 Thomas St.

house, from which Lord Edward had just been removed, we "had him conveyed out of the house and concealed in a valley on the roof of one of the warehouses;" how, emerging from his concealment for dinner at four o'clock, he went to bed shortly after, and at seven o'clock, Murphy being there at the time, his room was entered by "Major Sirr and a person following him in a soldier's jacket and with a sword in his hand. I put myself before him and asked his business. He looked over me, and saw Lord Edward in

the bed. He pushed by me quickly, and Lord Edward seeing him, sprung up instantly like a tiger, and drew a dagger which he carried about him, and wounded Major Sirr slightly, I believe. Major Sirr had a pistol in his waistcoat pocket which he fired without effect. . . . . I was immediately taken away to the yard." Madden commenting on a statement of the Duke of Portland, that Lord Edward, who was armed with a case of pistols and a dagger, stood on his defence, shot Mr. Ryan in the stomach and wounded Mr. Swan with the dagger in two places, says "Lord Edward was armed solely with a dagger; he had not time nor opportunity to get at his pistols when he was assailed by Swan in the first rush, and Ryan immediately after. Ryan was not shot, he was stabbed in the stomach, and received various wounds inflicted by the same weapon, in all fourteen. The rest of the Duke of Portland's account is assumed to be correct; that "Major Sirr, on entering the room, and observing Lord Edward with the dagger up-lifted in his hand, fired at him, and wounded him in the arm of the hand that held the weapon, upon which he was secured." Sixteen days later Lord Edward died in Newgate in a raving delirium." "What a noble fellow was Lord Edward Fitzgerald," said Byron, "and what a romantic and singular history his was. If it were not to near our own time, it would make the finest subject in the world for an historical novel." The attainder on Lord Edward was reversed a year and a half after his death, and Lord Liverpool declared that the reversal originated not so much in the royal clemency as in a sense of the injustice of the attainder itself.

Poor Murphy came badly off. After being imprisoned for over a year he found himself liable for the rent and taxes of his house, which had been made a barrack for the soldiers; and laments the loss of a "large silver gravy spoon, a plated tea-pot, and plated goblet;" the "destruction of six dozen as fine wine as

could be found—claret, port, and sherry—I purchased it in the wood;" and that "when they got tired drinking their wine they were selling it in the morning at sixpence per bottle and buying whisky with the money." He declared his losses, "in the unfortunate business," amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds. The appearance of the lower part of No. 152 is much changed. It probably corresponded with No. 151 on the other side of the gateway, which in every respect retains its former appearance. No. 151 and the building over the gateway formed with 152 one establishment as late as 1883; "Lord Edward's room" is shown in the "second floor back" of No. 151 by its present occupants.

No. 22, now remodelled as a public library, is one of the houses rendered interesting by the story of the closing scenes in the life of **Lord Edward Fitzgerald** and one of his places of concealment prior to the intended rising of '98. It was occupied by Thomas Cormick, a feather merchant. "Between this and the residence of Mr. Moore, a few doors distant," says Thomas Moore (*Life of Lord Edward*) "he contrived to pass his time safe from detection till about the first week in May," and "at this time a resolution was finally taken to prepare for a general rising before the end of the month." Elsewhere he is referred to as playing at billiards here with Mr. Lawless, and on one occasion visiting his wife in woman's clothes. The alarm excited in Lady Fitzgerald's mind by the risks he ran of discovery brought on a premature confinement.

Returning a short distance we pass down Bridgefoot Street to Queen's Bridge. On the right is

USHER'S QUAY.

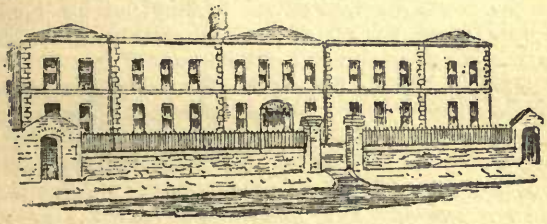
At **No. 20** lived one to whom, as to the Sham Squire, Francis Higgins, the term "notoriety"—and that in its most odious sense—not *celebrity*, may be applied.

Francis Magan, whose culpability as the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in conjunction with the "Sham Squire," though not absolutely proven, is assumed by Mr. Fitzpatrick (on the strength of information received from the representatives of the family of Mr. Moore, of Thomas Street) with so much apparent reason (see THOMAS STREET, page 13). He describes Magan as "a queer combination of pride and bashfulness, dignity and decorum, nervousness and inflexibility," and considers that "he obviously did not like to go straight to the Castle and sell Lord Edward's blood openly," though "there is good reason to believe that he confided all the information he obtained to Higgins."

We return by the river-side along the continuation of Usher's Quay, known as

USHER'S ISLAND.

Moira House, now transformed into the Mendicity Institution, with its upper storey removed, its magnifi-



The Mendicity Institution.

cent internal decorations abolished, and its handsome gardens covered with offices, was, in the middle of the last century, the residence of the Rawdon family, when a row of large trees extended from Arran Bridge to within about two hundred feet of Bloody Bridge along the southern shore of Usher's Island. The baronetcy of Moira was an inheritance of the Rawdons in recompense for services rendered to the Stuart cause, and the fourth baronet became Earl of Moira in 1762,

and embellished the interior of Moira House in a style of great splendour. "Floubert," says Gilbert, "commander of the French troops, landed by Thurot at Carrickfergus in 1760, passed some days at Moira House" after recovering from his wounds later in the same year. John Wesley tells us that he visited Lady Moira in 1775 and "was surprised to observe though not a more grand, yet a far more elegant room than any he had seen in England." This was an octagon room with a window, the sides of which were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. "In 1777 Charles James Fox was introduced to Henry Grattan at Moira House, which was the scene of constant and magnificent entertainments till the death of the first Earl of Moira in 1793." Francis, his successor, who gained distinction in the British army in America, became so obnoxious to the Government in 1798, owing to the protest against the cruelties by which the insurrection of the populace was precipitated, that, fearing an attack on his property in the North he transmitted to England his family library, which was one of the most valuable collections in the Empire. When Lord Edward Fitzgerald was concealing himself from arrest, the Lady Pamela was received here by the Dowager Countess of Moira, and she was here on the evening of her husband's arrest (see page 13). Gilbert quotes a letter of Lady Louisa Conolly, from Castletown, on this event: "As soon as Edward's wound was dressed he desired the private secretary at the Castle to write for him to Lady Edward, and to tell her what had happened. The secretary carried the note himself. Lady Edward was at Moira House, and a servant of Lady Mountcashell's came soon after to forbid Lady Edward's servant saying anything to her about it that night. The next morning Miss Napier told Lady Edward, and she bore it better than she expected; but Mr. Napier, who went to town, brought us word that her head seemed still deranged, and that no judgment could yet be formed about her.

. . . . She continued to reside at Moira House till obliged by an order of the Privy Council to retire to England, where she became the guest of the Duke of Richmond." Moira House was maintained as a family mansion for some years after the death of the Countess in 1808, and passed into the hands of the Governor of the Institute for the Suppression of Mendicity in 1826.

We now cross the river to

ARRAN QUAY.

No. 12 is among the most memorable of Dublin houses as the birthplace of **Edmund Burke** in 1728-9. His father, an attorney, removed afterwards to Ormond Quay, and here and at Ormond Quay the young Edmund's life, when not engaged in his studies in College—where, it is said, no irregularities were laid to his charge—was passed, though not with enjoyment. In Prior's *Life of Burke* a letter is quoted from his friend Dennis, who writes:—"My dear friend Burke leads a very unhappy life from his father's temper. . . . . He must not stir out at night by any means, and if he stays at home there is some new subject of abuse. There is but one bright spirit in the family, and they'd willingly destroy it." When, after going to London, however, he produced his *Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and*

12 Arran Quay.

Beautiful, "his father," says M'Cormick (Memoirs) "who had always a favourable, though not a sufficiently enlarged idea of young Edmund's abilities, was so enraptured at this extraordinary proof of them that he immediately sent him £100 to extricate him from some pecuniary embarrassments. This mark of paternal affection will be found more worthy of notice if we consider the scantiness of the father's income, which entirely depended on his practice as an attorney, and was barely sufficient for the decent support of the rest of his family." "Very little is known," says Prior, "of Edmund Burke's early years except his being of a delicate constitution, tending, as was believed, to consumption." When his companions were at play, "he was commonly seen reclining at ease, perusing a book." To this Richard Burke alluded when, being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of power in the House of Commons by his brother, and questioned by Malone as to its cause: "I have been wondering," said he, "how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talent of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." In 1747 a club was formed in Dublin—the germ of the Historical Society. "In the records of the society," says Sir Joseph Napier (*Edmund Burke—A Lecture*) "we can trace Burke from week to week, busy in speech, diligent in composition—now an essay on society, afterwards on painting; at times speaking in an historic character; again the critic of Milton." Burke died in 1797, aged sixty-eight or sixty-nine.

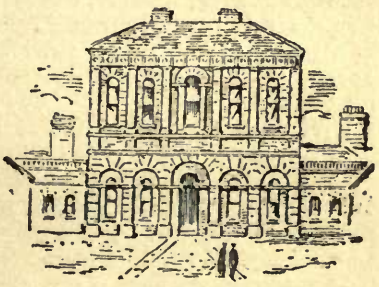
No. 32 was the place of business of **Charles Haliday,** merchant, antiquarian, and author of the *Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin*. He was for many years on the Committee of the Royal Irish Academy. He died in 1866, aged seventy-seven.

ROUTE II.

Running south from College Green, in a line with the front of Trinity College, is

GRAFTON STREET.

In the College grounds stands the **Provost's House,** a stone edifice of excellent design, with courtyard, and screened from the street by a high wall with a heavy-looking gateway. Three notable names are recalled among its occupants. **John Hely-Hutchinson** was Provost of Trinity College from 1774 to his death in 1794—"a man" as described by Taylor (*History of Dublin University*) "of enlightened mind and extended views," but of whom Grattan said "neither his avocations nor his habits fitted him to discharge the duties of his office." "As a speaker he was good; he possessed, perhaps, greater power of satire than any other man. It was incomparable" (*Life of Grattan*). His appointment, as an eminent lawyer merely and without antecedent connection with the College, was looked upon as an unwarrantable stretch of power: unable to propitiate in any way the injured dignity of the Fellows, he appealed to the folly and vanity of the students by the establish-



The Provost's House, Grafton Street.

ment of a dancing school, a riding school, and gymnasium. "He was voracious of office and emoluments, and it was said that when he appeared at the court of St. James's, and the king inquired respecting him, Lord North replied, 'That is your Majesty's principal Secretary of State in the Irish establishment, a man on whom if your Majesty were pleased to bestow England and Ireland, he would ask for the Isle of Man as a potato garden'" (Wills' *Irish Nation*). He fought a duel with one William Doyle, who had impeached his conduct—a duel which was not an easy matter to arrange, "for the Provost had the gout and Doyle the rheumatism, and the latter was so ill that he was obliged to lean upon a crutch. Both fired, but neither party was wounded." Hely-Hutchinson died, as already recorded, in 1794, being seventy-nine years of age. Provosts Murray, Kearney, and Hall followed successively, and in 1811 **Thomas Elrington,** noteworthy as the editor of Euclid, a strict disciplinarian in his government of the College, "yet munificent, kind, hospitable, and beloved by all." The cause of his death was peculiar—being paralysis, said to have been induced by sea-sickness. He died in 1837, aged seventy-seven. Provost Lyle, who succeeded him, was followed in 1831 by **Bartholomew Lloyd,** whose fame and reputation are especially associated with the University as "the most devoted, the most enlightened, and the most energetic governors it ever possessed. . . . . His whole heart and feelings were absorbed in concern for its interests. His nervous anxiety for its welfare amounted almost to a weakness: it would have been altogether such if it had not been under the direction of an enlightened and philosophic mind." (*Dublin Univ. Mag.*, vol. ii.)

To **No. 17,** now part of a large drapery establishment, **Percy Bysshe Shelley** removed from Sackville Street (see page 94), when on his visit to Dublin in 1812.

"On March 7th," says Professor Dowden, "appeared in the *Dublin Weekly Messenger* an article headed 'Percy Bysshe Shelley, Esq.,' which pointed out the young English gentleman as a 'missionary of truth' devoted to 'social benevolence' and benefactor to the persecuted Mr. Finerty of nearly a hundred pounds. Naturally, after this, Mr. Shelley had visitors, and we can imagine that No. 17 Grafton Street, to which he had moved from his Sackville Street lodgings, became a kind of Hibernian cave of Adullam—'and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them.'" Curran dined twice with Shelley here. Shelley, his wife and sister-in-law, were strong advocates of vegetarianism at this time, being recent converts to its principles. In practice, however, they were not consistent. We read of Shelley making a substantial meal on board the steamer when leaving Ireland, and Hogg, his biographer, reports on the ill-cooked beef and mutton of his London lodgings a few weeks later. He also tells us that when the poet "felt hungry he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf, and rush out again, bearing it under his arm, and as he strode onward in his rapid course, breaking off pieces of bread and swallowing them. . . . . He made his meal of bread luxurious by the addition of common pudding raisins, ... and these he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket."

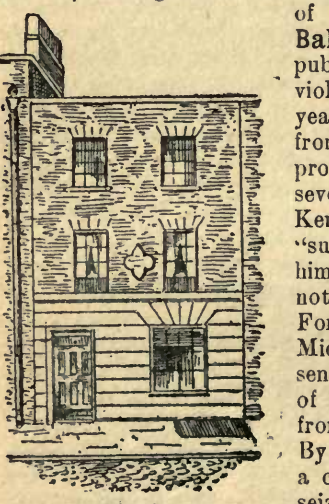
No. 79, lately rebuilt, was, in the last decade of the last century and the first of the present, the school of the famous **Samuel Whyte,** the preceptor of Sheridan, Moore, Emmet, George Petrie, and also of the Duke of Wellington, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick (*Friends, &c., of Lady Morgan*), whose authority was a "Mr. J——, of Blackrock, now in his eighty-first year, and the sole surviving pupil of Whyte," by whom the writer was also informed that Whyte's

tastes and talent for flogging were not inferior to Mr. Squeer's passion in the same direction. Although his right arm was short almost to deformity, it possessed great strength, and was the terror of every pupil." Stokes, in his *Life of Petrie*, says: "It is stated of Whyte that of all the schoolmasters of his time, none gave more attention to the moral training of his pupils. Being himself a man of the highest character, and with all the old chivalrous manners of the Irish gentleman of the day, he never lost an opportunity of inculcating the love of truth and the shamefulness of equivocation." He died in 1811.

Harry Street, on the west side, leads into

PITT STREET.

No. 10, bearing a memorial tablet, was the birthplace of **Michael William Balfe,** who made his first public appearance as a violinist in 1817 at nine years of age, compositions from his pen having been produced before he was seven. In his *Life*, by C. Kenny, it is recorded that "success attracted towards him a tide of fashionable notice and fussy patronage. Fortunately for the little Michael the sound good sense and sincere affection of his father saved him from these dangers. . . . . By some accounts, during a certain interval, he was seized upon by Dublin society and petted and beset with all those flattering cajoleries to which such young



10 Pitt Street.

phenomena are unhappily exposed. Among other matters, there is a story of a goat carriage with a complete team of bearded steeds presented to the child and driven by him in triumph through the streets—an infant car of fame—but the equipage had to be put down." At his father's death, which occurred when he was sixteen, he removed to London with the assistance of Charles Horn, the vocalist and composer. Bayle Bernard, in his *Life of Samuel Lover*, refers to Balfe as a "little, sturdy, but alert figure," and to "his large, round, honest eyes, and his hearty, jocund, ringing laughter;" and gives the following instance of his humour: "He was disputing with a friend on the merits of a new German opera, which the latter praised as eminently original. 'Original,' exclaimed Balfe, 'and what do you mean by that?' 'Why, I mean to say that it is music which was never heard before.' 'Well, I say,' he replied, 'that it is music which will never be heard again.'" In 1864 Balfe left London, where he had resided for some years, for a small estate which he had purchased in Hertfordshire, and died there in 1870 at the age of sixty-two.

Chatham Street, at the end of Pitt Street, and Chatham Row, lead into

WILLIAM STREET.

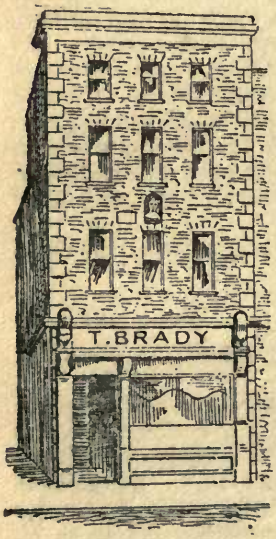
Powerscourt House, the large mansion on the east side, now in the occupation of a commercial firm, was erected by **Richard Wingfield, Viscount Powerscourt**, at a cost of £80,000 in 1771-4. The gateway to the right of the house led to the stables, that to the left to the kitchen and other offices. Hardy, in his *Life of Lord Charlemont*, says, Powerscourt was one of the few men of high rank who resided almost constantly in Ireland, and not more from attachment than from duty. On his death in 1788 his remains were laid out

in state in the parlour, and the public were admitted for two days to view the ceremonial. Richard, fourth Viscount, sold the house to the Crown for £15,000, and it was devoted to the use of the Commission of the Stamp Duties in Ireland until 1811.

Returning down William Street, and passing the front of Mercer's Hospital, Lower Stephen Street conducts us to

AUNGIER STREET.

No. 12—on which a memorial tablet is placed—is one of the most, if not the most notable of Dublin houses, as the birthplace in 1779 of **Thomas Moore,** his father being at the time in business here as a grocer and spirit dealer. At an early age he exhibited a taste for music and recitation, and dramatic performances, and gained the enviable position of a "show pupil" in Mr. Whyte's Academy. He entered Trinity College in 1794 and graduated in 1798, and in the following year went to London (where he lodged in George Street, Portman Square). Lady Morgan in her *Memoirs*, says: "Moore had just returned after his first or second visit to London, I forget which; he had come back, as we read in the papers, the guest of princes, the friend of peers, and the



12 Aungier Street.

translator of Anacreon! From royal palaces and noble mansions he had returned to his family seat at a grocer's shop at the corner of Little Longford Street and Aungier Street. The Palace Borghese at Rome was called the 'Cymballa' from its resemblance to a harpsichord in shape; and certainly the tiny apartment over the shop where Mr. Moore received us might be described by the same epithet both for size and shape." In his diary, 1799, Moore writes: "I have no very clear recollection of the details of this my first visit to London, nor even of its duration. All that I do recollect, and that most vividly, is the real delight I felt on getting back to dear home again." Again we have a description of the "entertainments given by my joyous and social mother; our small front and back drawing-rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were on such occasions distended to their utmost capacity; and the supper table in the small closet, where people had least room, was accordingly always the most merry." Mr. Wakeman, in his pamphlet on *Old Dublin*, tells how Dr. Petrie informed him that on the occasion of the poet's last visit to Dublin he, in company with Dr. Petrie," hired a conveyance for the purpose of visiting the Castle or Viceregal Lodge. Moore, to Petrie's surprise, ordered the driver to proceed by Aungier Street, a course which was by no means a direct one for their proposed destination. Upon arriving nearly opposite No. 12 he desired the car to be stopped, and, gazing at the well-remembered domicile, his eyes became suffused with tears. 'I am looking, Petrie,' he explained, 'for the little gable window by which I penned my earliest verses, the Melodies, &c.'" The gable has disappeared, and plate glass windows have re-placed the old fashioned sashes: the interior remains almost unchanged, and by the courtesy of the present proprietor may at convenient times be visited. An ancient chair stands in the room which was at one time Moore's bed-chamber,

where will be seen also an engraved portrait placed there by request of the poet, who sent it fifty years and more ago to the then proprietor of the business, the character of which has remained the same to the present day. Moore died in 1852, at the age of sixty-three.

Great Longford Street, opposite Moore's house, leads direct to Golden Lane, which is our extreme point westward, and if the house noted there lack interest for the reader, he may economise the physical forces by taking the first turning to the left going south from Moore's house, into York Street.

GOLDEN LANE.

At **No. 36,** the house of her father, Mr. Brownell Murphy, a miniature painter, **Anna Jameson** was born in 1794. Murphy was a patriot, and an adherent of the United Irishmen. Fortunately for him, before the explosion came, a professional engagement offered in England, and the little Anna accompanied her parents to Cumberland. Her marriage, in 1824, proved unfortunate, and resulted in a separation. Her *Diary of an Ennuyée*, *Memoirs of Early Italian Painters*, and other works, excited the admiration of "Christopher North," who writes of her as "one of the most eloquent of our female writers; full of feeling and fancy, a true enthusiast with a glowing soul." She died in 1860, aged sixty-three.

Whitefriars Street and York Row lead into

YORK STREET.

At **No. 6,** in 1822, lived **James Clarence Mangan,** one of the most imperfect characters, intellectually strong, morally weak, who, perhaps on

account of their imperfectness, excite our interest and sympathy more than the record of those who claim from us unqualified admiration. The address is derived by Mr. MacColl (*Life of Mangan*) from the puzzling diaries, *Grant's Almanac* and *The New Ladies' Almanac*, which were so much in fashion at the time, and to which Mangan contributed, but MacColl suggests that it *may* be the address only of the scrivener for whom he worked. For seven years he toiled at this drudgery, contriving, however, to acquire a knowledge of German, French, and Spanish, and to become a good classical scholar. "It must be," writes his biographer, "while still engaged at the weary toil of transcribing abstruse law parchments that the remarkable love affair occurred which had the effect of rendering him miserable for the remainder of his existence." Afterwards he passed two years in an attorney's office, but "sometimes he could not be found for weeks; and then would reappear like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue glittering eye, as of one who had seen spectres. . . . . Yet he was always humble, affectionate, almost prayerful." He was, in fact, the bond slave of opium and intemperance. At one time he was engaged on the ordnance survey, and some interesting notes of him are given by Mr. Wakeman, one of his co-workers at Petrie's house in Great Charles Street (see page 98), in *Duffy's Magazine*: "There was . . . . poor Clarence Mangan, with his queer puns and jokes, and odd little cloak and wonderful hat, which really resembled the tile that broomstick riding witches are usually represented with, his flax-coloured wig, and false teeth. . . . . Mangan was a man of many peculiarities. In addition to the curious little hat and little round cloak, he made himself conspicuous by wearing a huge pair of dark green spectacles, which had the effect of setting off his singularly wan and wax-like countenance with as much force as might be accomplished by contrast of colour. Sometimes, even in the most settled weather, he might

be seen parading the streets with a very voluminous umbrella under each arm." Mangan died from cholera, contracted in a miserable lodging in Bride Street, in 1849, at the age of forty-six.

At **No. 19,** lived, at the time of his death, the **Rev. Edward Ledwich,** author of *Antiquities of Ireland.* a work now entirely fallen into disrepute. "Following the lead of Dr. Ryves, he all but denied the existence of St. Patrick, and advanced the theory, effectually set aside by Petrie and later writers, that a large proportion of Irish remains were to be attributed to the northmen" (Webb's *Irish Biography*). The "malevolent and malignant errors" of the *Antiquities* so aroused the indignation of worthy Dr. Lanigan, working at his *Ecclesiastical History* under the inflammatory influence of a sky-lighted, sun-heated room, in the Dublin Society House, that he launched no less than ninety-five "proofs of and animadversions on"—so styled in the index—Ledwich's "ignorance, errors, and malevolence." It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1823, that Ledwich "was a member of a little society for investigating the antiquities of Ireland, ... but which was dissolved in consequence of the free pleasantry with which Mr. Ledwich treated certain recoveries circulated among them, and occasionally alluded to in his *Antiquities of Ireland.* Ledwich died in 1823, aged about eighty-four, the date of his birth being uncertain.

No. 37 is memorable as the residence and scene of the death of **Charles Robert Maturin,** the author of *Bertram*—which Talfourd called "a piece of fine writing wrought out of a nauseous tale"—and other plays, and several novels. Wills (*Irish Nation*), says of him: "he was one of the curates of the most extensive and laborious parishes in Dublin, of which he discharged the duties with conscientious zeal; but with the exuberant vivacity of a mind which was

endowed with far too much movement for any of the ordinary levels of social life, he sometimes incurred the reprehension of more staid and common spirits, and so somewhat fell under the misrepresentation of that large class which judges of all by reference to a few habitual standards, and can make no allowance when unusual cases arise. . . . . He was deeply and effectively engaged in two opposite services, and while the giddy and shallow circle of fashionable society claimed him with an eagerness which would have turned ordinary brains, Maturin was drawn into courses of gay frivolity which he could hardly have broken from if he would. Another state of character was slowly maturing . . . when a lingering and painful disease removed him." In the *Dublin University Magazine*, 1858, we read: "He was eccentric in his habits, almost to insanity, and compounded of opposites; an inveterate reader of novels, an elegant preacher, an incessant dancer, which propensity he carried to such an extent that he darkened his drawing-room windows and indulged during the daytime; a coxcomb in dress and manner, an extensive reader, vain of his person and reputation, well versed in theology, and withal a warm and kind-hearted man. Amongst his other peculiarities he was accustomed to paste a wafer on his forehead whenever he felt the *estro* of composition coming on him, as a warning to the members of his family that if they entered the study they were not to interrupt his ideas by question or conversation." "He was strangely forgetful," writes Bayle Bernard (*Life of Lover*). "He had been known to make a call in his morning gown and slippers. He was proverbial for going to parties the day after their occurrence; and he once invited a friend to dinner and kept him talking till the fish had been fully an hour on the table—his famishing guest being all the while too polite to apprise him of the tantalizing fad." His ready wit stood him in good stead on one occasion when a friend committed the unbecoming joke of sub-

stituting a secular pamphlet for his sermon in the case which he found lying on the table on calling on Maturin to accompany him to the church. He rapidly recovered from the momentary discomposure the discovery cost him in the pulpit, and preached an excellent sermon from the text, "An enemy hath done this." He died in 1824 at the age of forty-two.

Mercer Street, midway in York Street, leads southward into

DIGGES STREET.

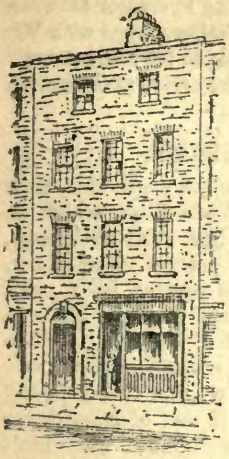
At **No. 5** lived the sculptor, **John Hogan,** whose reputation was first made by his "Drunken Faun" at Rome, about 1828. He visited Ireland the following year and exhibited *The Dead Christ*, afterwards placed in the Roman Catholic Chapel in Clarendon Street. When the revolution of 1848 occurred at Rome—a course of events to which he was bitterly opposed—he finally returned to Dublin, but it is said that the change from the glories of Rome to a narrow and uncongenial life in Dublin preyed upon his spirits, and the rejection of his model for the Moore statue, added the bitterness of disappointment. He died here in straightened circumstances, leaving a widow and eleven children unprovided for. His biographer, in the *Irish Monthly*, 1874, says: "His tall, lithe, powerful frame, and his noble head and eagle look were eminently characteristic. He was full of gesture and vivacity, yet withal was simple in manner and direct in speech."

Upper Mercer Street, at the east end of Digges Street, leads into

CUFFE STREET.

This street, now sadly deteriorated in character, was formerly much affected by barristers, proctors, and others of good social position. **No. 47,** one of the most dilapidated of its houses, was the residence of

Dean Walter Blake Kirwan at the end of last century. His sermons are eminently unreadable; his spoken discourses are said to have exercised extraordinary power over his congregations. "The church presented a singular, and, in truth, not a very decorous spectacle. The military were drawn around it, but the scene within baffles description. A bear garden was orderly compared with it. The clothes were torn off men's backs, ladies were carried out fainting or in hysterics, disorder the most unseemly disgraced the entire service, and so continued till Kirwan reached the pulpit. What a change was there then? . . . . Never did mortal man produce such wonderful effects. And yet he had his disadvantages to overcome: his person was not imposing; he was somewhat wall-eyed, and his voice at times was inharmonious. . . . . There was no less than £1,200 collected in the church after one of his sermons. . . . . People went forearmed against his seductions, furnished only with such a sum as they could afford to give. Fruitless precaution! Next day the vestry-room was crowded with pilgrims coming to redeem the watches and earrings they had left upon the plate" (Phillips' *Curran and his Contemporaries*). Kirwan removed to Mount Pleasant, Ranelagh, in 1800, and died in 1805, aged about fifty-one.



47 Cuffe Street.

At **No. 35** lived, in 1813, **John Lawless,** a prominent member of the Liberal party during the agitation for Catholic emancipation; and known as "Honest John Lawless" for his unflinching integrity.

Here **Percy Bysshe Shelley** was received on his second visit to Ireland in 1813. A letter from his wife to Hookham is dated from here, and Professor Dowden (*Life of Shelley*) concludes that "Shelley stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Lawless, or found lodgings in the same street."

Continuing along Cuffe Street, we arrive at the north-west corner of

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

Passing along the western side, on the north side, near the corner (**No. 9**), is St. Stephen's Club, which is, to some extent, reminiscent of **Sir Walter Scott**, inasmuch as before it received its present stone facing, and when its brick frontage was pierced by a *port-cochère*, in 1825, he was entertained there by his son, Captain Scott, then in Dublin with his regiment. "On Thursday, the 14th" [July, 1825], writes Lockhart, "we reached Dublin in time for dinner, and found young Walter and his bride established in one of those large and noble houses in St. Stephen's Green (the most extensive square in Europe), the founders of which little dreamt that they should ever be let at an easy rate in garrison lodgings. Never can I forget the joy and pride with which Sir Walter looked round him as he sat for the first time at his son's table" (*Life of Scott*). Here Sir Walter was visited by Archbishop Magee, William Cunningham Plunkett, and other notabilities. "It would be endless to enumerate the distinguished persons who, morning after morning, crowded his levee," writes Lockhart. "If his carriage was recognised at the door of any establishment the street was sure to be crowded before he came out again, so as to make his departure as slow as a procession. When he entered a street the watchword was passed down both sides like lightning, and the shopkeepers and their wives stood bowing and curtseying all the way down; while the mob and boys huzza'ed as at the chariot-wheels of a conqueror. . . . . Baillie,

who had been in the crowd, called afterwards in St. Stephen's Green . . . . and observed to me as he withdrew that, 'yon was ow're like worshipping the creature.'" A story is current of the young Walter Scott, that riding one day by the canal he witnessed a young lady miss her footing at its verge, and rendering her some assistance, discovered that the mishap was due to her being so much engrossed by the perusal of one of Sir Walter's novels.

No. 16 is the "Palace" of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. **Lord George Beresford,** whose birthplace we find in Marlborough Street (see page 95), was resident here 1820-22, being raised in the last-named year to the Primacy. He made handsome gifts to the library of Trinity College, and erected the bell-tower which fronts the visitor to the college on entering Parliament Square. The successor to Beresford was **William Magee,** whom Mr. Fitzpatrick describes, in his *Life of Whateley*, as "a perfect *pétit maître* in appearance, . . . fond of daily parading his little person on horseback through the most fashionable streets," and, quotes Shiel, that "every look and gesture indicated a self-sufficiency carried to an excess almost amounting to the delirium of conceit." Further, he says, "His life was all work and worry, plot and counterplot; at last the entire cerebral

16 Stephen's Green.

machinery fell in. . . . . For three years before his death Archbishop Magee groped in dark and helpless infancy." Other sources, however, supply a more agreeable picture. In the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1846 (vol. xxviii), we read: "The income of the Archdiocese was £7,000 a year, of this he set apart £2,000 a year for charitable and public uses. On Sundays he allowed no dinners to be dressed in the Palace, and always, with his entire household, walked to church that his servants might not be detained from their higher duties, or his horses of their enjoined rest." From the same source we learn that "a stranger from England, who had been invited by one of the Archbishop's sons to spend a few days at the Palace, mentioned his apprehensions of meeting a severe and sententious scholar, and his surprise and 'unqualified delight' at the ease, playful kindness, and freedom from pretension and pedantry which he saw." In Wills' *Irish Nation* we find the following anecdote, "illustrative of his strenuous activity and the gentle temper in which he exerted an effective control" when Bishop of Raphoe: "It was his habit to visit every part of his diocese, and from the nature of the country he was often compelled to ride through wide and solitary districts; but his Sunday visits were most commonly to those churches which lay within a ride of his dwelling, on which occasions he was generally an unexpected visitor. On one of these occasions he found a closed church, and no appearance of Sunday preparation. He sent for the sexton, who came presently. 'Why does not the bell toll?' was the Bishop's next question. 'The clergyman's away, sir,' was the reply. 'Will you do your duty?' 'No use, sir, no person to do the duty.' 'Do as I desire you?' The sexton shrugged his shoulders, looking askance at the peremptory stranger, and went reluctantly to his task. The bell soon brought a goodly congregation, and the strange gentleman performed the duty of the day, called for the preacher's book, entered

his signature, and quietly rode off. When the parson returned he soon heard of the incident, and, doubtless, with no idle curiosity called for the preacher's book, in which he found the entry 'W., Raphoe.' Seriously alarmed he repaired to the Bishop, meditating, perhaps, some lame exculpation by the way, and anticipating a severe rebuke. He was kindly received, not a word on the unpleasant subject was spoken, and he was invited to dine. The Bishop knew that he had done enough and even did not mention the matter to his family." Magee died in 1831, at the age of sixty-five.

Richard Whateley, the famous writer on logic and rhetoric, succeeded. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his *Life of Whateley*, quoting from *The Times*, that "he found Dublin at least as congenial and pleasant as Oxford. He was immediately admired and soon liked," says: "*The Times*, usually so well-informed, is not correct in this retrospect. Dr. Whateley was received with a storm which has continued to howl angrily over his unburied body and open grave . . . . it was as 'an alien by blood and birth' that the great objection to him lay. . . . . No indisposition was manifested to hunt down the Archbishop in his life-time; but he was of tough composition, and the tusk of his retorts sank deep into the flesh of his tormentors; but the persecution, as he assured his chaplain, Hercules Dickinson, ate into his very life and shortened it." "His tastes," says the same writer, "were extremely simple and unostentatious. Unlike his predecessor (Dr. Magee) he hated parade or pomp. The gilded decorations in the Palace at St. Stephen's Green, which cost Dr. Magee so large an expenditure, were particularly obnoxious to Dr. Whateley, and he had no sooner crossed the threshold of his new dwelling than he threatened to have them all whitewashed. . . . . There was no state or elegance in his equipages or manner of living; both were plain, ... but he was ready with

his purse to all who needed his assistance. In his rambles "he was generally attended by three uncompromising looking dogs; . . . . during the winter season he might be daily seen in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, playing 'tig' or 'hide-and-seek' with his canine attendants. Sometimes the old Archbishop might be seen clambering up a tree, secreting his handkerchief or a pocket knife in some cunning nook, then resuming his walk, and after a while suddenly affecting to have lost those articles, which the dogs never failed immediately to regain." In manners he appears to have been strangely deficient. "At the Privy Council he used to stand the whole time before the fire, with his coat-tails separated and pulled forward. . . . . It was in reference to this act and to the circumstances of a noble lord, afflicted with baldness, who put on his hat for warmth, that Master Gould wittily observed 'A bishop keeps uncovered what aught to be covered, and a peer keeps covered what ought to be uncovered.' Having accepted an invitation to dine with Lord Anglesey at the Viceregal Lodge, it is almost incredibly told of him that, having arrived before the bulk of the guests, he drew over an arm-chair to the fire, and stretched to the uttermost his legs, until their heels seemed to repose among some articles of *vertu* on the mantelpiece." Other odd ways are noticed; such as nursing his right leg, in company, in such a way that the small clothes of his next neighbour on the left suffered from the contact of his foot, paring and pruning his nails with his pocket scissors in a large drawing-room, or placing his legs on a chair. "Dr. Parr," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "was regarded as the greatest smoker of his day; but Dr. Whateley boasted of being 'above Parr.' He is represented as smoking a long clay pipe as he sat on the chains in front of his house in St. Stephen's Green, or, provided with a similar attribute sauntered along the Donnybrook Road." As a preacher the Rev. Maurice Day was far more popular

than Whateley (as being one of the 'practical' sort), which called forth the pun from the latter, "The ladies of Dublin run to-day for a sermon, and to-*morrow* (Morrow being then as now the Mudie of Dublin) for a novel." Whateley's superabundant puns and conundrums have passed long ago into the common stock, and become more or less familiar. One of the latter may be recalled for its neatness: "Why can a man never starve in the Great Desert?" "Because he can eat the sand which is (sandwiches) there." "But what brought the sandwiches there." "Noah sent Ham, and his discendants mustered and bred (mustard and bread)." "His sermons," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "might have been more popular if there had been more of heart and less of head in them;" and quotes Rogers' epigram—

> "Whateley has got no heart 'tis said, but I deny it:
> He has a heart and gets his sermons by it."

Lever resented some snub he had received from Whateley, and introduced him in *Roland Cashel*, at Mrs. Kennyfeck's dinner party, where he is represented demonstrating how to lasso a Swiss bull by holding up his napkin over the head of his hostess to the injury of her turban and bird of paradise plume. As evidence of Whateley's liberality it has been remarked that whereas Magee died worth £46,000, after nine years of office, Whateley only left £39,000, after a term of thirty-two years. He died in 1863, at the age of seventy-seven. Stanley, in his *Life of Arnold*, says that Dr. Arnold, who knew him well, said of him; 'I am sure that in point of real holiness, so far as man can judge, there does not live a truer Christian man than Whateley . . . . He is a truly great man in the highest sense of the word."

Richard Chevenix Trench, author of *Notes on the Parables* and *The Miracles*, *The Study of Words* and *Past and Present*, succeeded Whateley in the

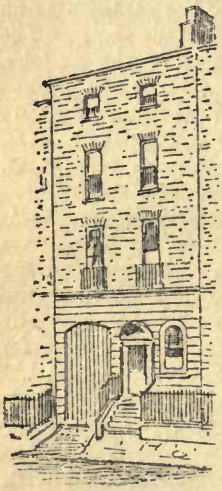
Archbishopric. He resigned in 1884, and died in London the following year. The Latin inscription on the slab of Irish marble which covers his grave in Westminster Abbey was written by Dean Church—the Dean of St. Paul's—who wrote when sending it: "There is a public aspect of his character and career which I have attempted to express in what I have written. It is the peculiar combination in him of the poet, the theologian, and the champion of primitive and Catholic doctrine in his trying career as Archbishop. There was in him an imaginative love of truth as not merely true but beautiful. What others deal with wholly as divines, he saw as a poet." He died at a house in Eaton Square, London, which he had taken for the winter and spring, and among the records of his last days, in his *Letters and Memorials*, he is reported to have said, "I have cared for a good Greek play as much as most things; but it does not do to die upon."

At **No. 18**, in the third and fourth decade of the century, lived **William Cunningham Plunket**, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1830-1841. Here is his portrait from Phillips' *Curran and his Contemporaries*: "A square-built, solitary, ascetic-looking person, pacing to-and-fro, his hands crossed behind his back, so apparently absorbed in self—the observed of all, yet the companion of none, ... externally cold, but ardent in his nature, in manner repulsive, yet warm, sincere and steadfast in his friendship; severe in his aspect, yet in reality sociable and companionable. . . . A man of the foremost rank, a wit, a jurist, a statesman, an orator, a logician—the Irish Gylippus, as Curran called him, 'in whom are concentrated all the talents of his country.'" "His chief displays," says the same writer, "were on a single subject in the Irish House of Commons—that of the Union; and in the British Parliament—that of the Roman Catholic question. . . . . He always seemed to speak for a

purpose—never for mere display; and his wit like his splendour appeared to be struck out of the collusion of the moment. . . . . He would jest sometimes at his own expense. Everybody knew how acutely he felt his forced resignation of the chancellorship, and his supersedeas by Lord Campbell. A violent tempest arose on the day of his expected arrival, and a friend remarked to him how sick of his promotion the voyage must have made him; 'Yes,' said he ruefully, 'but it won't make him throw up the seals.'" Crabb Robinson tells the following of Plunket when at the Bar: "The Lord Chancellor, Redesdale, was slow at taking a joke. In a bill case before him he said, 'The learned counsellor talks of flying kites. What does that mean? I recollect flying kites when I was in England.' 'Oh, my lord,' said Plunket, 'the difference is very great. The wind raises those kites your lordship speaks of—ours raise the wind.'" O'Flanagan (*Lives of the Chancellors*) says, "On one occasion he defended a horse-dealer with signal success. Another of the fraternity was heard loudly eulogizing the successful lawyer, and closed his panegyric by the emphatic declaration; 'I tell you what boys, if I'm lagged for the next horse I steal, by jabers I'll have Plunket.'" On his resignation in 1841, Plunket retired to Bray, where he died in 1854, at the age of ninety.

No. 33 was the residence of **William Saurin,** Attorney-General in 1822. Saurin was of French origin, but his family had been naturalized for two generations in Ireland. "In the year 1798," says Shiel, "Mr. Saurin was at the head of his profession, and was not only eminent for his talents, but added to their influence the weight of a high moral estimation" (*Sketches, Legal and Political*). During the rebellion he was chief of the lawyers' military corps. An amusing picture is presented by Shiel of the ordinary business of the court discharged by barristers in regimentals:

"The plume nodded over the green spectacles, the bag was transmuted into the cartridge pouch, the flowing and full-bottomed wig was exchanged for the casque, the chest, which years of study had bent into a professional stoop, was straightened in a stiff imprisonment of red." The same writer describes Saurin as of the middle size, plain and correct in his manners and dress, "his eye black and wily," glittering "under the mass of rugged and shaggy eyebrows," his forehead neither bold nor lofty, and his aspect suggestive of cautious shrewdness rather than intellectual elevation. He died in 1839, at the age of eighty-one. Saurin occupied the house No. 31—removed when the Shelbourne Hotel was built—previously to living at No. 33, as shown by the Directories of the time.



36 Stephen's Green.

At **No. 36,** in 1833, lived **Felicia Hemans.** "I have removed here," she writes, "much for the sake of having back rooms, as I suffered greatly from the noise where I lived before." "Early in the autumn of 1831," we read in her *Memoirs*—from a letter in which the above extract is taken—"Mrs. Hemans took up her abode in Dublin, where she at first resided in Upper Pembroke Street. . . . . Mrs. Hemans entered very little into the general society of Dublin, but enjoyed with a few real and attached friends that kindly intercourse most congenial to her tastes and habits. Amongst these must be particularly mentioned the Graves family, their venerable relatives, Dr. and Mrs. Perceval; the

household circle of Colonel D'Aguilar, and that of Professor, now Sir William Hamilton." Mrs. Hemans removed from Stephen's Green to Dawson Street (see page 50), where she died in 1835, at forty-one years of age.

Passing down the east side of the square, in which Grattan's house formerly stood, on part of the site of St. Vincent's Hospital, we come, on the south side, to

No. 72. This was the residence of The "Sham Squire," **Francis Higgins,** born in a cellar in Dublin, errand-boy and shoe-black as a lad, afterwards waiter in a porter house in Lord Edward Street (see page 10), and then writing clerk to an attorney—to become in due course an attorney himself, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and owner of a large fortune, yet, inasmuch as he was an unmitigated rascal, and gained his position by flagitious means, unworthy of the admiration such self-elevation ordinarily excites. He acquired the title of "Sham Squire" by gaining the hand of a lady—who subsequently died of grief—by personating a gentleman of landed property. Mr. Fitzpatrick has established beyond a doubt the fact that Higgins was the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for the sum of £1,000. That writer quotes a description of him as "daily to be seen with Buck Whaley upon the Beaux Walk, in Stephen's Green," wearing "a three-cocked hat (which paid a duty) fringed with swan's down, a canary-coloured vest, with breeches to match, a bright green body coat . . . . the only buck in Dublin who carried gold tassels on his Hessian boots," and violet gloves. The memoir of him in *Irish Political Characters*, printed in 1799, says, "From his law practice, his gambling-table contributions, and newspaper, the Sham now enjoys an income that supports a fine house in a fashionable quarter of the city." He died in 1806, being fifty-six years old.

No. 81 has absorbed the site of Curran's house,

formerly No. 80; here lived **Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness,** the opulent brewer, best remembered as the restorer of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at an estimated cost of £130,000 and for his great and practical interest in Irish archæology. Wills says of him, "Few men ever enjoyed so worthily the sincere respect and attachment of his fellow citizens. In his personal character he displayed a rare combination of all those qualities which win the hearts of the people: he was a favourite with all classes, and his death excited universal feelings of the most profound regret." He died in 1868, aged sixty-nine.

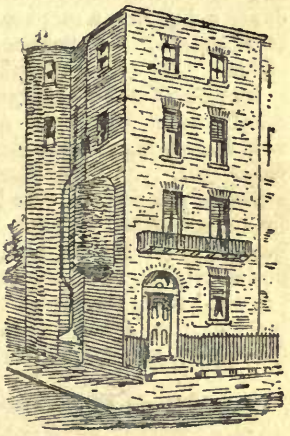
No. 86, a handsome stone-fronted mansion, now the Catholic University, was the residence, at the end of the seventeenth century, of **Thomas Whaley,** known as "Buck Whaley" and "Jerusalem Whaley," having laid a bet that he would perform the journey to the Holy City on foot, except where a sea passage was unavoidable, and play ball against its walls, returning also on foot, within a year. As the ballad ran:

> "One morning walking Arran Quay,
> A monstrous crowd stopped up the way,
> Who came to see a sight so rare—
> A sight that made all Dublin stare.
>
> Buck Whaley, lacking much some cash,
> And being used to cut a dash,
> He wagered full ten thousand pound,
> He'd visit soon the holy ground.

Whaley won the bet. Another feat was leaping windows over a mail coach, which he accomplished by having the vehicle drawn up beneath either his own house or Daly's Club House in College Green—the accounts vary—but, according to Lord Cloncurry, at the cost of rendering himself a cripple for life. "Burn Chapel Whaley" was another of his appellations, derived from the lawless behaviour of the yeomanry corps he commanded.

HARCOURT STREET.

No. 14 was the residence of **Sir Jonah Barrington,** to whose *Personal Sketches*, *Historic Memoirs*, and other works, the writer of the present work, like those of many previous commentaries on his times, is much indebted. He came to live here after his marriage to the daughter of Mr. Grogan, the silk mercer, preferring a life of matrimonial ease to the dangers of the "tented field," and refusing an ensign's commission when he found it meant fighting in Canada, in favour of prosecuting his studies at the bar. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in *The Sham Squire*, tells the following anecdote of the projecting bow window long since built up, which overhangs the side of Sir Jonah's residence. "Lord Clonmell occupied the house at the opposite corner, and Lady Clonmell affected to be much annoyed at this window overlooking their house and movements. Here Lady Barrington, arrayed in imposing silks and satins, would daily take up position and placidly commence her survey. Sir Jonah was remonstrated with, but he declined to close the obnoxious window. Lady Clonmell then took the difficulty in hand, and with the stinging sarcasm peculiarly her own, said: 'Lady Barrington was so accustomed to look out of a shop window for the display of her silks and satins that I suppose she cannot afford to dispense with this.' The large bow window was immediately built up, and has not since



14 Harcourt Street.

been re-opened." J. R. O'Flanagan (*The Irish Bar*) enumerates the following "more varied than valuable" juvenile accomplishments of Sir Jonah. "Before he was eight years old he could read prose and poetry, write text, draw the outlines of a man, a horse, a house, and a gamecock, tin a copper saucepan, and turn his own tops. He could also perform the manual exercise, and had learnt how to mould bullets, make pins, to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the Jew's harp." In *Sketches of Irish Political Characters* (1799) it is said of him: "He does not rank high, either as a lawyer or a speaker, but he has great application, and consequently some business. As a speaker, his manner is bold and daring; and to his intrepidity, he owes his advancement. . . . . His marriage with the daughter of a Dublin silk mercer, who had a large fortune, was his first step to distinction. It enabled him to keep a genteel establishment, and he soon dashed into public notice with an effrontery which has seldom been surpassed. He is supposed to have the same notion of blushing that a blind man has of colours." In 1793 Barrington removed to Merrion Square (see page 65).

Nos. 16 and **17** were formerly one house, presenting its side aspect (No. 15 not being built) to that of Sir Jonah Barrington's (No. 14), and formed the mansion of **John Scott, Earl of Clonmell**; until five years before his death Viscount Clonmell, a rank which Wills (*Irish Nation*) says "he did not think high enough," and so achieved the higher dignity. We have used the double "l" in his name in accordance with what Mr. Fitzpatrick has shown to be his *later* signatures, "verifying," as he says, "a contemporary joke, 'give Scott an inch and he will take an l.'" Barrington (*Historic Memories*) thus indicates his first step towards the position he afterwards obtained. "Mr. Scott had become distinguished at the Bar for a bold and undaunted address, when Lord Townsend, being hard

pressed by the opposition, desired the present Sir John Lear to look out for some hard-bitted, stout barrister who would not give or take quarter with the patriots." John Scott was chosen and his rise ensured. He was of very humble birth, and, says Barrington, "came to the Bar without any money or connection. The coarse effrontery of his address procured him the name of 'Copper-faced Jack.' . . . . His skill was unrivalled, and his success proverbial. He was full of anecdote, though not the most refined." In 1789 he was compelled to make a public apology in the papers for an act of rudeness to a member of the Bar, by the utter desertion of the court by all the attorney's who made common cause with their insulted associate. He records in his diary for 1774 a resolution to "give up wine and strive to contract his sleep to four or at most six hours in twenty-four," a resolution which Wills (*Irish Nation*) remarks, "we rather think he never put in practice, ... for he appears to have been at all times foremost in the convivial parties of Dublin. . . . . He was ever ready to support his assertions with sword or pistol. His mode of speaking was thus described by Grattan: 'He struck his breast, slapped his hat constantly, appealed to his honour, and laid his hand on his sword.'" Mr. Fitzpatrick (*The Sham Squire*) says: "He possessed very extensive pleasure grounds on the east side of Harcourt Street, stretching behind the entire south side of Stephen's Green. A subterranean passage under Harcourt Street opened communications with those grounds, which joined the garden at the rere of Francis Higgins's mansion in Stephen's Green, and there is a tradition to the effect that some of the chief's inquisitive neighbours often used to see him making his way through the pleasure grounds for the purpose of conferring with the Sham Squire." About 1780 the rioters broke the windows here on account of Clonmell's unpopularity during the excitement caused by the announcement of new

taxes. In 1787 he writes in his diary, after commenting adversely on his contemporaries: "Thus I stand a public character *alone*, but at the head of the Law Courts, Assistant Speaker of the House of Lords, and in receipt of £15,000 per annum." "This extract," says Wills, "shows the learned Chief Justice had not much respect for his colleagues. Boyd, another judge of the King's Bench, is described by O'Connell as so addicted to brandy that he kept a quantity on the bench before him in a vessel shaped like an inkstand: he had a tube made like a pen, through which he sucked the liquor he loved, and flattered himself he escaped observation." Clonmell, as appears from the abstracts from his diary in Mr. Fitzpatrick's *Ireland before the Union*, was constantly forming good resolutions against "snuff, sleep, swearing, gross eating, sloth, malt liquors, and indolence," and never to taste "anything after tea but water or wine and water at night," and, according to an "old member of the Irish Bar," quoted by the writer of that work, still continuing to require "a couple of able-bodied lacqueys to carry him nightly to bed," as a result of his own indulgence. His size increased from this cause so much that, as he himself records, he had broken two carriage springs with his superabundant weight. He died just before the rebellion in 1798, aged fifty-nine.

At **No. 22, Leonard MacNally** died in 1820 at the age of seventy-eight, having resided here since 1800. In 1815 a pension of £300 was conferred upon him, which Madden (*United Irishman*) says was for secret services performed long previously, of which his legal associate, Curran, was in ignorance at that period. (See DOMINICK STREET, page 115.)

ROUTE III.

WITH College Green for our starting point we pass by the front and side of the Provost's House in Grafton Street, into

DAWSON STREET.

At **No. 64** lived in 1840 and later **Patrick Brophy**, by profession a dentist, but, says Bayle Bernard (*Life of Lover*) "he was just as famous for extracting his clients' laughter as their teeth. . . . . His 'Blind Beggar of Carlisle Bridge,' known in Dublin by the name of Zozimus, was a notable achievement, and so also was his 'King of the Carmen.'" He gave, too, a marvellous imitation of Paganini. A writer in *Temple Bar* (1868) says: "Whenever the Marquis of Anglesey, who was a martyr to *Tic doloreux*, was more than ordinarily afflicted, he sent for Pat, who, attending very little to the immediate seat of the malady, addressed himself to the noble patient's imagination. After treating him to a merry *quart d'heure* with Zozimus, or some other eminent public character, ... he left his Excellency as free from pain and as ready for dinner as ever he was in the course of his life. Pat's attitude or look, like Liston's or Buckstone's, was enough, without a word from him, to throw a Quaker into convulsions." Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in his *Life of Charles Lever*, says: "Some pleasant evenings were passed in the little dining-room of that old Huguenot house in Dawson Street, filled with historical memorials of Ireland's worthies, when, round the hospitable board of Brophy, sat Griffin, Bishop of Limerick, Dean Butler, Lord Rossmore, O'Donovan and O'Curry, the great Celtic scholars; Mortimer O'Sullivan and Father Tom Maguire, opponents in controversy, but friends socially." "In the course of a speech in court one day in a case where the name and evidence of this most amusing of

Irishmen turned up," says the writer in *Temple Bar*, "Chief Justice Whiteside, then at the Bar, observed that there was not a man in the upper ranks of Dublin life for twenty years before who had any pretensions to wit, humour, professional or artistic talent, who had not been a guest at Brophy's table," The house has been refronted, and the ground floor—formerly reached by a flight of steps, with an exterior "area"—has been reduced to the level of the street.

At **No. 46, James Henry, M.D.,** who afterwards relinquished his profession on inheriting a fortune, and became a wanderer in Europe in search of rare copies of Virgil and works relating to his favourite author, was living in 1836-40. He attained great eminence and a large practice, but his sceptical and independent ways of thinking, combined with his adopting a five shilling fee, is said to have estranged him from his professional brethren—the latter cause being probably the most potent of the two. (See FITZWILLIAM SQUARE, page 84).

At **No. 21** on the west side, **Felicia Hemans** died in 1835, having removed hither from Stephen's Green (see page 42). It is said that her death was hastened by a chill contracted through sitting too late over a book in the gardens of the Royal Dublin Society, while a mist or fog was gathering. It was while lodging here that, as recorded in her *Life*, a strange gentleman called one day upon her and "explained in words and tones of the deepest feeling that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation, ... that to her he owed in the first instance that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of *The Sceptic* that he had been first awaked from the miserable delusion of infidelity." Mrs. Heman's health was for a long time before her death very bad. "I have been in a state of great nervous suffering," she writes, "and I am

obliged to write in a reclining position, and can only accomplish it by these means without much suffering." She was only forty-one years of age at her death.

Close to No. 21, standing back from the street and looking bright and cheerful in its coat of light-coloured paint, is

The Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayors of Dublin, which may be indicated in passing, though no remarkable men or events are associated with it. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in *Ireland before the Union*, tells of how one of its "worshipful" tenants was induced to rush out one morning "with his face in a lather and his mouth in a foam," being informed while shaving that "the foot was off one of the horses in Stephen's Green." The Green was then used as a paddock for the Lord Mayor's horses; an inspection of the stud, however, resulted in the discovery that the allusion was to the metal horse of George II., which had been shamefully neglected. The house was built by Dawson about the middle of the eighteenth century, and sold to the Corporation before completion.

MOLESWORTH STREET.

No. 33 on the north side, now devoted to trade and with a vast warehouse filling the area of the long garden and including the stables of olden times, was **Lisle House,** erected by Lord Lisle about the middle of the eighteenth century. But its interest is of much later date. Robert Charles Maturin came a-wooing here to the daughter of Dr. Thomas Kingsbury, Vicar of Kildare, who occupied it. In 1830, and much later, it was a fashionable boarding house, among its *habitués* being Charles Lever, who frequently used it while studying for his degree as Bachelor of Medicine; Surgeon Cusack Rooney—the Surgeon MacCulloch of *Lorrequer*, "Miss Riley in a bird of paradise plume and corked eyebrows, Mrs. Clanfrizzle, some old ladies in turbans, Mrs. Cudmore,

a doctor in blue 'winkers,' and several ancient vestals." Fitzpatrick's *Life of Lever*.

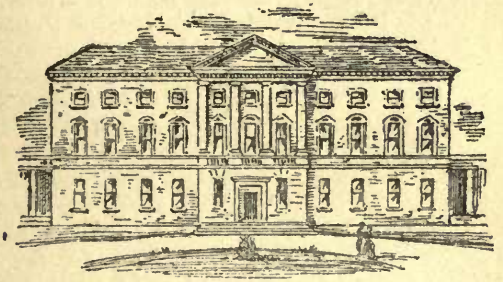
No. 13, now the Eye and Ear Infirmary, was from 1781 the residence of **James Fitzgerald,** a distinguished lawyer and Prime Sergeant of Ireland, of whom it was said that he never "gave up a case whilst it had a single point to rest upon or he had a puff of breath left to defend it." Barrington says of him: "He was the first who declare his intention of writing the History of the Union. He afterwards relinquished the design and urged me to commence it. He handed me the prospectus of what he intended, and no man in Ireland knew the exact details of that proceeding better than he." Fitzgerald died, at the great age of ninteythree, in 1835.

At **No. 27,** according to tradition, Lord Edward Fitzgerald had his last interview with his wife before he was arrested.

KILDARE STREET.

Leinster House, now the centre building of the group of elegant structures belonging to the Royal Dublin Society, and having its garden front on Merrion Square, was built by James Fitzgerald, first Duke of Leinster, who owed his popularity to a spirited remonstrance to the King relative to the disposition of the large unappropriated surplus of the Irish revenue. When reminded that he was building in an unfashionable part of the town, he remarked, "They will follow me wherever I go." The house was described by Thomas Malton in 1794 as "the most stately private edifice in the city." The first duke died here in 1773, his successor being William Robert, the second son of whom Lord Cloncurry says: "Although deeply imbued with the liberal and patriotic feelings which have ever distinguished his family, he was in no way connected with any of the secret projects of the National party.

. . . . When Lord Edward became obnoxious to the law, Leinster House was ransacked in the most insulting manner in the search for criminatory documents" (*Personal Recollections*). In 1791, while attending his place in the House of Commons as member for Kildare, Lord Edward writes that he and his brother



Leinster House.

Henry had been "living quite alone in Leinster House, whence they generally rode out to Blackrock;" and in 1794, after his marriage with Pamela, he writes to his mother: "I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brighest ideas. By-the-by, what a melancholy house it is. . . . . A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days and said she though she was in a prison." Joining the United Irishmen organisation, Lord Edward held various conferences here with Thomas Reynolds, then in the pay of the Government. In March '98, he was here with Lady Edward Fitzgerald, and on the 12th an attempt was made to arrest him here. Not having been found among the delegates arrested at Bond's (see page 12), on March 11th, a separate warrant was issued for his apprehension. He was about to enter Leinster House when he was told the soldiers were then in the mansion. Lady Sarah Napier, aunt to Lady Edward, writes in her journal: "The servants ran up to Lady Edward, who was ill with a

gathering in her breast, and told her: she said directly, 'There is no help, send them up.' They asked very civilly for her papers and Edward's, and she gave them all. . . . . They left her and soon returned to search Leinster House for him, and came up with great good nature to say, 'Madam, we wish to tell you our search is in vain, Lord Edward has escaped.'" Soon after these events Lady Pamela removed from Leinster House, and it is doubtful if it was ever revisited by Lord Edward, although reported in the city that he was sometimes concealed there. Pamela appears to have jilted Sheridan, to whom she was engaged, for Lord Edward (though Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, casts a doubt on the sincerity or *bona fide* nature of the engagement), whom, Madden (*United Irishmen*) says: "she casually met at a theatre in Paris for the first time, and by whom she must have been proposed for the same night, for on the following day they [she and Madame de Genlis] set out for Tournay, and were joined at the first port by the accepted lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Lord Edward is described as of "a cheerful, intelligent countenance, an artless gaiety of manner, without reserve but without intrusion, and a careless yet uneffusive intrepidity both in conversation and in action." It must be admitted, however, that the portraits extant do not indicate strong character or mental power. Leinster House was rented by the Royal Dublin Society by the Duke in 1815. The present conversation-room was formerly the dining-room, the board-room was the supper-room, and the library, about to be deserted for a new and more commodious structure, was the picture gallery and drawing-room. Much of the interior can be inspected by the visitor.

No. 39, formerly 35, is memorable as the residence of **Lady Morgan,** or, as she claimed to be called, Sydney Lady Morgan. "It is a long and showy house exteriorly," writes Mr. Fitzpatrick in *Friends and Foes*

of Lady Morgan, but, not possessing any back rooms, the imposing appearance of size which it presents to the passer-by is in a great degree deceptive. The small portico which still shelters the hall door was erected by the Morgans." "We have at last got into a house of our own," writes Lady Morgan, May 17th, 1813. "We found an old dirty dismantled house and we have turned our *piggery* into a decent sort of house enough; we have made it clean and comfortable, which is all our moderate circumstances will admit of, save *one little bit of a room*, which is a real *bijou*, and it is about *four inches by three*, and, therefore, we could afford to ornament it: it is fitted up in the gothic." In 1829 Lady Morgan brought a new carriage with her from London. "In shape it was a grasshopper, as well as in colour. Very high and very springy, with enormous wheels, it was difficult to get in and dangerous to get out. Sir Charles, who never in his life before had mounted a coach-box, was persuaded by his wife to 'drive his own carriage.' He was extremely short-sighted, and wore large green spectacles when out of doors. His costume was a coat much trimmed with fur and braided. James Grant, their 'tall Irish footman,' in the brightest of red plush, sat beside him, his office being to jump down whenever anybody was knocked down or run over, for Sir Charles drove as it pleased the gods. The horse was, mercifully, a very quiet animal, and much too small for the carriage, or the mischief would have been more. Lady Morgan in the large bonnet of the period, and a cloak lined with fur hanging over the back of the carriage, gave the crowning grace, as she conceived, to a neat and elegant turn-out." (Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Lady Morgan*.) Sir Charles was a close student and Lady Morgan complains of the difficulty she had to "get him out at two o'clock," and that "after dinner he reads till bedtime. He is inherently shy, timid, proud, and anti-social." Here in 1836 at breakfast one morning, one of the letters which Sir

Charles assumed to be from one of her "d——d dandies" proved to be a grant of a pension of £300 a year in recognition of her literary merits. Writing in 1829, Hepworth Dixon says: "She and Sir Charles were much mixed up in the movement for Catholic Emancipation, and Lady Morgan's drawing-room in Kildare Street was the *foyer* of Liberalism; her influence over the young men who frequented her house was great, and all the leaders of the Liberal party recognised her as a staunch and effective ally. Her saloon was a rally-point where people of all sects and shades of opinion met." "With her irrepressible vivacity," writes Bayle Bernard, in his *Life of Lover*, "her humour, that indulged in the most audacious illustrations, and her candour, which had small respect for time or place or its expression, . . . by the side of her husband she suggested the notion of a barbary colt harnessed to a patient English draught horse." "Feb. 17, 1831, she writes: "I had a little dinner got up in a hurry for Moore yesterday; it was got up thus: I threw up my window and asked the inmates of the cabs and carriages of my friends as they passed the windows, and sent out some penny porters and lighted up my rooms. Moore was absolutely astounded when he saw my party." On Aug. 14, 1835, she records, "my *soiree* was very fine, learned, scientific, and *tiresome*. Fifty philosophers passed through my rooms last night." We conclude with an entry in the same diary of April, 1831, of a "battle royal" with Sir Charles on the subject of a greenhouse she wanted to erect on the open space at the back of the stairs; "Morgan vows I shall never have it, and is gone out in a passion, but I don't despair. Upon this occasion I am a bore and he is—a bear." The Morgans removed to London in 1837. Sir Charles died in 1843, and Lady Morgan celebrated her eighty-first or eighty-second birthday by a dinner party at her house in London in 1859, and died a few months later.

At the northern end of Kildare Street, on the right, is

LEINSTER STREET.

No. 5—Now McGlade's place of business—had formerly two windows on the right of the door, and one, lighting the hall, on the left. A double celebrity attaches to it. **Lord Kilwarden,** who was killed by the mob in Thomas Street, on the evening of Emmet's insurrection, by mistake for Lord Carleton—the judge who had hanged the brothers Sheares—resided here, and to a large room in the rere, still existing, he was brought, after his death, from the watch-house in Vicar Street. When visited there by Major Sirr, the latter exclaimed, "I will hang a man for every hair of his head." Hearing the words the dying judge replied: "Let no man suffer for my death, unless by the regular operation of the laws."

In front of the house on the left will be observed a figure of Hibernia. This was placed there along with a figure of a Danish wolf-dog at the opposite side by **Archibald Hamilton Rowan,** who occupied the house from 1818 to 1826, and built a circular ball-room in the rere; his stables, cow-house, and other offices extending far beyond. Condemned and imprisioned, in 1794, on a false charge of writing and distributing an address to the volunteers from the United Irish Association, of which he was secretary, Rowan escaped from Newgate by the involuntary connivance of the under-jailer, and became a fugitive in America (see page 116). Pardoned by the King, in 1805, he returned to Ireland, and became notorious and popular by his chivalric defence of Mary Neal." "Rowan survived many years in the enjoyment of an ample fortune," says Phillips (*Curran and his Contemporaries*), "and of all the blessings which domestic happiness could bestow. . . . . Many there are who still remember his majestic figure, a model for the sculptor, with a native oaken sapling in his hand, and two gigantic Danish wolf-dogs at his heels." "In private

life," says Drummond, "he was social and domestic, an early riser, temperate in his habits, and, when not provoked to choler, bland, courteous, amiable, and capable of winning and retaining the most devoted friendship" (*Life of Rowan*). Lord Cloncurry, writing of him late in life, says, "His appearance then could scarcely convey a notion of what he was some five-and twenty years earlier, when he and I made a pedestrian tour of England together, and when, as I well remember, his practice at starting from our inn, of a wet morning, was to roll himself into the first pool he met in order that he might be beforehand with the rain" (*Personal Recollections*). Rowan died in 1834, at the age of eighty-three. In 1826 he removed to Holles St. (see page 62).

No. 10 was the residence, 1830-40, of **Francis Blackburne,** Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1852, before his elevation to the bench as Lord Chief Justice in 1846 (see page 66).

A continuation of Leinster Street is

CLARE STREET.

At **No. 18** lived **Thomas Leland, D.D.,** collated to St. Anne's Vicarage, Dublin, in 1773. "The eloquent translator of Demosthenes," as he was called by Isaac Disraeli, and author of the *History of Ireland*, which the *Authologia Hibernia* pronounces to be "a dull monotonous detail of domestic convulsions, a weak government, and a barbarous people." Rose (*Biog. Dic.*) says "he was the most admired preacher of his time in Ireland." He died in 1785, at the age of sixty-three.

MERRION SQUARE.

No. 1, at the corner of Lower Merrion Street, was the house of **Sir William R. W. Wilde,** the eminent oculist and antiquary, and his talented wife, the Irish poetess "Speranza." Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his *Life of*

Lever, gives the following anecdote, communicated by the nephew of the novelist, Mr. John Lever. "On one occasion he (Lever) wanted Wilde to come and meet at dinner some friends he had assembled, and calling at his house, was told that the Doctor could not possibly appear. Being denied several times, my uncle at last put his handkerchief in bandage form over his merry twinkling eyes; this expedient brought the oculist to the door in a moment; the *rencontre* ending in a hearty laugh at the success of the trick, which continued that evening to afford much amusement at Templeogue." Wilde died in 1876, at the age of sixty-one.

No. 5 was the residence of **William Stokes,** the eminent physician and Regius Professor of Physic in Dublin University. "He attained to one of the largest practices ever enjoyed in Ireland, and for fifty years held a prominent position in the medical profession" (Webb's *Irish Biography*). A self-taught man, who left his school the day he joined it after resenting a blow from his master by throwing a slate at his head—and hitting it; and studied his Latin Grammer "lying in the fields with his head pillowed on the neck of a cow." Dr. Mahaffy, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1875, says he was "the greatest physician in Ireland; whose books on the chest and heart have been for a generation standard books all over the world. I have heard a Californian doctor, fresh from the west, beg to be introduced to him as the beacon of modern medicine. I have heard a Greek Doctor, in the wilds of Arcadia, and who did not know how to pronounce his name, say that all his knowledge was derived from the works of Stokes. When I first came to know William Stokes, in 1858, his house had been for years the resort of all the intellect, of all the wit, of all the learning which Ireland possessed. He kept open house, and, in addition to his large family, some learned foreigner, or some stray country wit, would be met almost daily at

his simple but most hospitable table. . . . . At dinner he would not sit at the head of the table, or carve any dish, but devote himself wholly to conversation, seconded by a very brilliant and witty family circle. If his guests were particularly sober and prim, he would astonish and mistify them with the most outlandish and violent theories. . . . . On gala nights he would act in charades, when his curious solemn face, and his wonderful wit would elicit roars of laughter. He was particularly fond of enacting the part of an old woman of the lower classes, though I have seen him appear as a young lady in fashionable attire. . . . . in his consulting room in Dublin he was a very different being—grave and solemn; nay, even so gloomy that many patients read in his face their coming doom, while he may have been thinking of something far removed from the case before him." "To Stokes," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his *Life of Lever*"—a man of gloom to patients, but a Rabelais of humour when freed from the restraints of professional pomp and mystery—Lever owed not a few of his good stories. One of them was the scene in the canal boat, where Father Loftus eats all the salmon at dinner and makes an apology that it was a fast day in his Church. 'Do you think nobody has a soul to save but yourself?' exclaimed Standish O'Grady, coming behind his chair, and helping himself freely to the fish." Stokes was the recipient of degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. He wrote the *Life of George Petrie*, from which several quotations are made in this work. His death occured in 1878: he was seventy-four years of age.

No. 14 was the residence of **Sir Philip Crampton,** Surgeon-General. "His fame." we read in Webb's *Irish Biography*, "was almost European, and he enjoyed an immense practice. The brilliancy of his conversational powers was remarkable, and the amenity of his manners made his company universally desired. . . . . His

activity may be judged from a boast once made by him in advanced life, that he had swam across Lough Bray, ridden into town, and amputated a limb before breakfast." He had a small estate on the margin of Lough Bray. Mr. Fitzpatrick (*Life of Lever*) says that among his intimates he was known as "The General of the Lancers," and tells of "a practical joke played late one night, when a messenger aroused Crampton from his bed, to say that a great personage had fallen from his horse in College Green. On arrival he found King William's statue blown by gunpowder from his charger. Cramptons weakness was a fondness for swells." O'Flanagan tells how, in 1820, "some estrangement separated for a time Plunket and Bushe. A mutual friend, Sir Philip Crampton, always ready to heal sores, was bent on re-uniting the dislocated members of the Irish Bar. He asked Plunket if he would have any objection to come to his house and meet Bushe at dinner. Plunket replied that he would be most happy to meet any of Sir Philip's friends." A similar enquiry of Bushe met with a similar reply. Bushe on arriving found Plunket romping with the juvenile Cramptons. "Plunket continued his game with the child, but placed his hand behind his back, which Bushe no sooner saw than he grasped it eagerly . . . . and the estranged friends were foes no longer." Crampton died, at the age of eighty-one, in 1858.

14 Merrion Square.

At the end of the north side of the square on the left is

HOLLES STREET.

At **No. 1, Archibald Hamilton Rowan** lived at the close of his life, removing hither from Leinster Street about 1830 (see page 57). He died in 1834 at the age of eighty-three.

At **No. 23,** in 1816, lived **Richard Lalor Sheil.** In Webb's *Irish Biography* we read: "The years between 1814 and 1823 were largely devoted to dramatic authorship. His plays of *Adelaide*, *The Apostate*, *Bellamire* and *Evadne* were remarkably successful, more from the acting of his countrywoman Miss O'Neill, than from their intrinsic merit." *Adelaide* was performed at Convent Garden Theatre in 1816 and *Evadne* in 1819. Sheil was called to the Bar in 1814. "His appearance in his Bar costume was striking," says O'Flanagan. "The horse-hair wig covering not only his head but also his shoulders, the gown fluttering loosely about his slight frame, his voice shrill and somewhat squeaking, ... was of great power and volubility." O'Flanagan quotes a French writer: "Were I commissioned to take down the *signalement* of Mr. Sheil this would be very nearly the result—height five feet four inches, eyes quick and piercing, complexion pale, chin pointed, hair dark, mouth middle-sized." Here is Madden's description of him in the House of Commons: "Hah! up he springs, like an Irish volunteer rushing to the breach. What a voice! what vehemence of

23 Holles Street.

gesticulation! what furious passion! *Passion*! he never was in better temper during his life: for he is excellently made up, and he is sure of producing an effect most brilliant though very transient in its nature" (*Irish Bar*). Sheil was Minister at Florence at his death in 1851, aged fifty-nine, and his remains were brought to Ireland and interred at Long Orchard.

Holles Street leads into

DENZILLE STREET.

Of 18½ (formerly numbered 19½) it is sufficient to record the fact that it was the residence of the informer James Carey.

Returning by Holles Street to Merrion Square we pass down

LOWER MOUNT STREET.

At **No. 1, Sir Frederick Shaw,** for forty-eight years Recorder of Dublin—1828-1876—was living in 1830. "It was always a matter of surprise, says the writer of his memoir in Webb's *Irish Biography*, "that his splendid abilities never secured for him a higher judical position. His decisions were marked by great perspicuity and common sense, and he often lightened the tedium of litigation by brilliant witticisms." He died in 1876 at the age of seventy-seven.

Across the bridge the row of houses on the right, fronting the canal, is

PERCY PLACE.

At **No. 1,** was living in 1839 a certain Signor Sapio, and to him, as a resident pupil in that year, came **Catherine Hayes.** In Wills' *Irish Nation* we read

that by the kindness of the Bishop of Limerick "she was in 1839 placed under the care of Signor Sapio, a singer and teacher in Dublin, in whose family she resided for three years. With him she studied with such success that she soon rose to fame as a concert singer." The number of the house is obtained from the Dublin Directory of the year named. In 1842 Catherine Hayes went to Paris to pursue her studies under Garcia.

Washington Place, on the northern side of the canal, brings us to a street or place in which stands Saint Stephen's Church. Passing round the church, we enter

UPPER MOUNT STREET.

At No. 17, Charles Kendal Bushe, Chief Justice, lived during the last year of his life, having removed hither from Ely Place (see page 77). He retired from the Bench a year or two before his death. It is said that the excitement consequent on the circumstances attending his retirement seriously affected his health. He died from erysipelas following a slight surgical operation, in 1843, aged sixty-six. Shiel, in his *Sketches. Legal and Political*, gives a very minute word-portrait of Bushe. He describes his complexion as "too sanguineous and ruddy," his forehead as "more lofty than expansive," the eyes "large, globular, and blue . . . . not much brilliancy or fire;" the nose "slightly arched," and the mouth, in its combined characteristics of "force, firmness, and precision," at once affable and commanding, proud and kind . . . . the most remarkable feature in his countenance." Barrington gives his testimony to the incorruptibility" of Bushe's character, and says he was "as nearly devoid of public or private enemies as any man."

Proceeding onward we re-enter, at its south-east corner,

MERRION SQUARE.

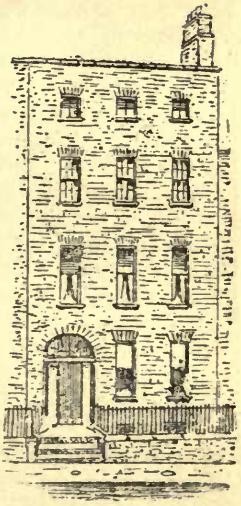
To **No. 42** (formerly numbered 8 on the east side) **Sir Jonah Barrington** removed in 1793 from Harcourt Street (see page 45). In his *Personal Sketches* he says: "In 1793 I purchased a fine house in Merrion Square . . . . and here I launched into an absolute press of business, perhaps justly acquiring thereby the jealousy of many of my seniors." In this year Barrington "took silk"—*i.e.*, became king's counsel, and was, moreover, appointed, as a reward for supporting the government of the day in the Irish House of Commons, to a sinecure in the Custom House—"a good sinecure . . . . the emoluments payable every Sunday morning by the deputy"—worth a thousand a year. The reference above to his parliamentary career reminds us how he tells of having on one occasion given offence to Mr. Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, in the House, and proceeding to leave it in his company in response to a silent invitation to the arrangement of preliminaries for a hostile meeting, how he was followed by the sergeant-at-arms and his attendants, and, proving refractory, "brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the house;" Toler, having also been captured with the loss of the skirts of his coat while struggling through a doorway. The stories of Barrington's life here remind one of those related of Sheridan. Dr. Townsend Young, in his Memoir to the third edition of the *Sketches*, says "He extricated his plate from Stephenson, a pawnbroker, by asking him to dine with the grandees, and mortgaged his official salary, sunk three times over, to one Collins, a saddler." Barrington lost his sinecure and all prospect of professional advancement in 1800 by opposing the Union, though, with apparent inconsistency, he was instrumental in buying over others to the government side. His

Personal Sketches were published in 1807. Two years before he had commenced paying his own most troublesome creditors out of money paid into his court, as judge in admiralty, but it was not until 1830 that these and later peculations came to light, and his deprivation of office was followed by retirement to Versailles, where he died in 1834 at the age of seventy-four.

At **No. 54** (formerly 34 Merrion Square South), **Francis Blackburne** was living at the time when he filled the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a period extending over less than a year; the appointment, received on Lord Derby coming into office in 1852, having been resigned by him on the formation of a coalition government under Lord Aberdeen in December of the same year. A second appointment under Lord Derby in 1866, was also, owing to the opposition he encountered, followed by an early resignation. As Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench he delivered the charge in the prosecution of Smith O'Brien and his confederates, who were convicted of high treason. Referring to this charge, Lord Monaghan said: "I never in the course of my experience read a more able and satisfactory argument in every respect." Blackburne was for some years Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University. "In private life," says the writer of his Memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "he was generous and urbane. As a lawyer he possessed extraordinary power of mental concentration, wide experience, and profound acquaintance, with every branch of law and equity. He had a dignified and courteous manner, a style nervous, terse, and perspicuous, a distinct melodious voice and fluent delivery." He died at Rathfarnham Castle in 1867 at the age of eighty-three (See page 132).

No. 58 (formerly No. 30 Merrion Square South), is especially noteworthy as the residence of

Daniel O'Connell. Writing of 1823, W. H. Curran, in *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, says: "If any one of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance as you return upon a winter's morning from one of the 'small and early' parties of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbours. The half-open parlour shutters and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and, under cover of the dark, to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him hangs a crucifix. From this and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about the neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome, absorbed in his matin devotions. But . . . . no sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment, the bookcases clogged with tomes in plain calf-skin bindings, the blue-covered octavos that lie on the table and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson



58 Merrion Square.

tape, than it becomes evident that the party meditating amidst such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unquestionably a barrister, but, apparently, of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast, who labour hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit. . . . . Should you happen in the course of the same day to stroll down to the hall of the Four Courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transformed from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene." In Cusack's *Life of O'Connell* a vivid picture is presented of the scene in the vincinity on the occasion of the reversal of the judgment against him and his release from prison in 1844. "All through the long route from O'Connell's house in Merrion Square to the prison thousands had assembled and kept perfect order. . . . . Such a scene was never witnessed in Dublin. . . . . There was not a single policeman seen or needed in all that vast multitude. . . . . When O'Connell reached his house in Merrion Square he addressed the people." He died in Genoa in 1847, aged seventy-one.

At **No. 70** (formerly 18 of the south side) **Joseph Sheridan Lefanu** died in 1873. The author of *Uncle Silas* and many other popular novels is described in the obituary notice in the *Dublin University Magazine* (1873) —of which he was both editor and proprietor for several years—as leading "a secluded life, mixing little in society, from which his handsome and distinguished person was missed." This seclusion dated from the death of his wife in 1858. "He was a man who thought deeply, especially on religious subjects. To those who knew him he was very dear. They admired him for his learning, his sparkling wit, and pleasant conversation, and loved him for his manly virtues, his noble and generous qualities, his gentleness, and his loving and

affectionate nature." He was fifty-nine at the time of his death.

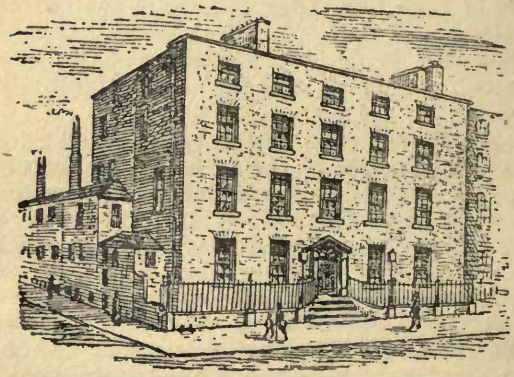
At **No. 83** (numbered, formerly, 5 of the south side) lived **Baron Richard Pennefather** from 1850 till his death. He "was neither popular as an advocate or strong and brilliant on the bench," says a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1859, but, "it may well be doubted if for the long period during which he adorned the bench of Ireland Baron Pennefather was ever surpassed by any one in soundness, learning, and piety, and in the quality which, in the words of Lord Cole, make up 'a sage and reverend expositor of our law;' who prided himself less in fine conceits than in sound discernment and gravity of manners." He died in 1859 at the age of seventy-six.

At **No. 84** (formerly 4 Merrion Square, South), lived **Robert Graves, M.D.**, who has been ranked with Stokes for eminence in his profession. His reputation rests chiefly on his great work on Clinical Medicine. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* (1842) says: "To a remarkable person he added great powers of arresting attention in the very outset of his discourse, ... his ideas were conveyed in a bold, fluent, and classic style; in his language he was always forcible and elegant." In Fitzpatrick's *Lord Cloncurry and His Times* we are told: "A certain physician, now at the head of his profession in Dublin, numbered Graves among his most intimate friends. 'Ah!' said he to us within the last few months, 'no one appears to know what a loss that man has been to the medical profession. . . . . I can compare those he has left after him to nothing save so many little children.'" Graves died in 1853, at the age of fifty-six.

At the end of this side of the square is

UPPER MERRION STREET.

No. 24 is especially memorable as the birthplace of **Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington** in 1769. His father, however, **Garnet, Earl of Mornington,** merits a preliminary mention as a celebrated glee composer—his most popular composition being "Here in cool grot"—an accomplished violinist and musical enthusiast, leading the amateur performances in the Music Hall in Fishamble Street in 1741. In Webb's *Irish Biography* we read: "Perhaps he was in some degree indebted to the musical ear of George III. for his advancement, as the Earl was a composer of no ordinary merit,



24 Upper Merrion Street (Mornington House).

and excelled in the species of composition most pleasing to the King. In no other way does he appear to have benefited by the royal favour, as his means were scarcely adequate to maintain the large family which grew up around him in the style suited to their position." Lady Mornington is described as "a cold and severe woman, who had a difficult struggle to bring up her family on a small property heavily encumbered." Sir Bernard Burke (*Vicissitudes of Families*) assigns 1765 as the year of Lord Mornington's removal from Grafton Street, where he had

"antecedently to 1764 become possessed of a residence and extensive piece of ground opposite the Provost's." Having in 1764 taken a longer lease from the city, and undertaking to build a mansion at a cost of £3,000, "it seems that he almost immediately changed his mind, for in the following year he sold the lease to a Mr. Wilson, covenanting to indemnify the puchaser against the consequences of his not building the grand mansion he had undertaken to erect." The Earl of Mornington died in 1784.

That Arthur Wellesley was born in Upper Merrion Street was put beyond dispute by the researches of Sir Bernard Burke, on the evidence of the announcement of the birth in Upper Merrion Street in the *Exchange Magazine*, and an entry in the day-book of an apothecary in Dawson Street who supplied medicine for the mother and the new-born child. "From this," he says "it is clear that the Mornington family were then [April, 1769], living in that street, and I find that within a very brief period of the birth of Arthur, Lord Mornington purchased from the Earl of Antrim the lease of the house No. 24 Upper Merrion Street. The date of this lease is 16th of August, 1769—a date no doubt subsequent to the birth that took place on the 29th of the preceding April; but it is very easy and natural to suppose that the Earl of Mornington was resident there some time previous to the purchase of the lease." Passing by the young Arthur's school days at Eton, "where he passed for a slow boy—too dull for learning and too quiet and moping for football" (Wills' *Irish Nation*), we find him in 1790 in the Irish Parliament, and sitting on the same committees with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, "ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance," according to Barrington, and "popular among young men of his age and station." Barrington's assertion that "his address was unpolished and that he never spoke successfully" is not in accordance with other testimony. He was Captain Wellesley and *aide-de-camp* to the Lord Lieutenant at this time, and,

again to quote Wills, "spent probably the happiest years of his life in the then gay, dashing, and reckless capital of Ireland. He was, however, by no means up to the mark of such a life in point of income, and at one time was obliged to accept a loan, kindly and delicately offered from his landlord, who was a prosperous boot-maker on Arran Quay." Gilbert (*History of Dublin*) says that "when Colonel Arthur Wellesley was about leaving Dublin [1794] to commence his brilliant career, he committed to Thomas Dillon, a wealthy woollen draper who opened a shop in this [Parliament] Street in 1783, the care of discharging the numerous debts which he had contracted while in Ireland."

We are far from having exhausted the interest attaching to Mornington House, which in 1791 passed into the possession of **Robert Lawless, Lord Cloncurry** (father of the more notable person of that title, whom we have some account of on page 138), who rose through a baronetcy to a peerage, and made his fortune as a woollen draper. In *Sketches of Irish Political Characters* (1799) it is told how "Mr. Conroy, an ingenious gentleman of the Irish Bar, presented the world with a comedy in which occurs a very laughable scene, where the *Squire*, who is the hero of the piece, excites much risibility by being tossed in a blanket. His lordship [Cloncurry] sat in one of the boxes, but as lords are now more frequently met with than in the niggard days of old Queen Bess, he passed unnoticed in the above unlucky scene, and would probably have so continued during the whole representation, had it not been for the unseasonable address of an enraptured female in the adjacent box who, transported with what was passing before her, could not forbear crying out:

"Cloncurry, Cloncurry,
Come here in a hurry,
And see my comical squire.
Though tossed so high,
Yet 'twixt you and I,
The blankets have toss'd you much higher."

Lord Cloncurry is said to have voted for the Union against his conscience in the hope of obtaining his son's release from imprisonment. He died before that release came and then the son discovered that his imprisonment had cost him £70,000, which his father had left away from him lest it should be confiscated.

Lord Castlereagh is the next eminent occupant of Mornington House. The Honourable Charlotte Lawless writes to her brother, Dec. 5, 1801, at the time of his release from imprisonment: "We are at present very busy emptying Merrion Street House, which is let to Lord Castlereagh at £800 per annum. We pay taxes. Traineau has taken a complete catalogue of the library, which is packed in cases, and sent to Merrion Row, where it will remain safe until its dear owner arrives." In the *Personal Recollections*, from which the last extract is taken, Lord Cloncurry says: "Mornington House was rented from my father by Lord Castlereagh during the course of the Union debates, and in it were concocted those plots that ended in overturning the liberties and arresting the prosperity of Ireland. There also were celebrated, with corrupt confusion suited to the occasion, the nightly orgies of the plotters. . . . . The house alluded to, which cost my father £8,000 in the year 1791, was sold the year after the Union as a part of his personal property, for £2,500. Although still in the best and most fashionable quarter of Dublin, it would not now, in all probability, fetch the odd £500." Mornington House was afterwards occupied by the Ecclesiastical Commission and is now the office of the Irish Land Commission. A reminiscence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald lends yet another element of interest to Mornington House. Lord Cloncurry says: "At the time of Lord Edward's arrest, his wife (the well-known Pamela) had taken refuge with my sisters, and was, at the time, in my father's house in Merrion Street, though without his knowledge. She was pursued there by the

police in search of papers, and some which she had concealed in her bedroom were discovered and seized."

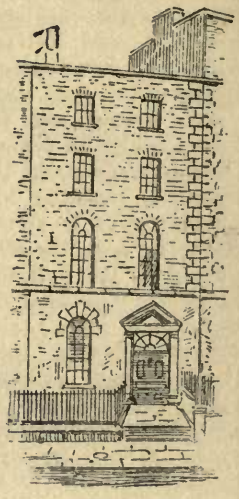
ELY PLACE.

Four houses, consecutively numbered, here claim our attention. **No. 3,** formerly numbered 13, was leased to **Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore,** about 1785, and he lived here until 1789. He was raised to the Bench and received his title in 1800. In the *Memoirs of Grattan* we read: "Yelverton was a first-rate speaker—nearly the most powerful one in his day. His style was short and strong: he never wandered from his subject either to the right or to the left. He was endowed with a masculine understanding, and saw the strong point of everything; but his fire was so ardent that it quickly consumed the fuel which fed it. He was deficient in his tones and manner, and wanted taste; yet without these accomplishments his speeches were superior and even sublime orations. Unfortunately nothing almost remains of them that could give a just idea of their excellence. . . . . He was too fond of conviviality, and that not in the most elevated society. He grew attached to a strange character, who assumed the garb and air of a foreigner, and chose to call himself *Achmet*, but who was, in fact, a *mere Irishman*, wearing a long beard, and pretending to be a Turk." "In the common transactions of life he was an infant," says Barrington, "in the varieties of right and wrong a frail mortal; in the Senate and at the Bar, a mighty giant. . . . . Frugality fled before the carelessness of his mind, and left him the victim of his liberality. . . . His passions were open, his prepossessions palpable, his failings obvious, and he took as little pains to conceal his faults as to publish his perfections" (*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*). His devotion to the study of the law, for which he relinquished the teaching

of the classics in the house of a Doctor Black in North King Street, is said to have been due to the parsimony of Mrs. Black, who wished to put him and the other tutors on the scholars' diet of bread and milk for breakfast, and Yelverton's resentment of the insult which he conceived to be implied by her limiting the supply of tea, eggs, and ham to the Doctor and herself. "As a judge," says O'Flanagan, "Lord Avonmore's fault was that he jumped too quickly at conclusions." Curran demonstrated this fault to his lordship one day in court. Excusing his delay in attending to conduct a certain case, he referred to the necessity he felt of recovering from the distressing effects on his mind of a scene he had just witnessed. The kindhearted old judge inquiring what it was, "I will tell your lordship as calmy as I can," said Curran, "On my way to court I passed through the market." "Yes, I know, the Castle Market," struck in his lordship. "Exactly, the Castle Market; and passing near one of the stalls I beheld a brawny butcher brandishing a sharp, gleaming knife. A calf he was about to slay, was standing, awaiting the death-stroke, when, at that moment—that critical moment—a lovely little girl came bounding along in all the sportive mirth of childhood, from her father's stall. Before a moment had passed the butcher plunged his knife into the breast of —" "Good God! his child!" sobbed the judge, deeply affected. "No, my lord, but the calf," rejoined Curran; "but your lordship often anticipates." Lord Avonmore died in 1805, at the age of sixty-nine. (See FORTHFIELD, page 128).

At **No. 4**, formerly No. 12, lived the most famous member of the Irish Bar, **John Philpot Curran,** in the early part of his career; having removed hither from Hog Hill in 1780. The defective address and utterance which had earned for him, when a student of Trinity College, the soubriquet of "stuttering Jack

Curran," were now, by constant declaiming before a glass and studying Shakespeare and Bolingbroke, entirely overcome. As "the wittiest and dreamiest, the most classical and ambitious," of his associates there, he was still worthy of his reputation. Barrington (*Personal Sketches*) says his "person was mean and decrepit, very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow and furrowed, rather fat and thoroughly ordinary. . . . . But his rapid movements, his fire, his sparkling eye, the fine and varied intonations of his voice—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with." "He possessed great courage, personal as well as political," says W. H. Grattan, and in evidence of his duels—with Mr St. Leger, Mr. Egan, Major Hobart, and Mr. Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare). "He was not sufficiently select as to his company, neither was he a very happy man. In private he was unfortunate and full of sores. His griefs, too, were frenzies. He had moments of rapture, but few of repose." "His talk was rich in idiom and imagery," says Crabb Robinson (*Diary*), "and in warmth of feeling. He was all passion—fierce in his dislikes, and not sparing, in the freedom of his language, even those with whom he was on familiar terms," and records that when he was visiting Madame de Stael "he was melancholy, and said he never went to bed in Dublin without wishing not to



4 Ely Place.

the former recounts

rise again." He spoke of the other world and those he should wish to see there—which elicited from Madame de Stael the remark that, "after she had seen those she loved, she should enquire for Adam and Eve, and ask how they were born." In the *Life*, by his son, we are told "that he did not sit in his chair like other persons; he was constantly changing his position. . . . It was the same when he walked or rode, long before his features could be discerned his friends recognised him from afar by the back of the hand firmly compressed upon the hip, his head raised towards the sky, and momentarily turning round, as if searching for objects of observation. . . . . In his diet he was temperate—he ate little and was extremely indifferent respecting the quality of his fare. . . . . From his attachment to the pleasures of convivial society, he was supposed to have been addicted to wine; but the fact was that a very small quantity excited him, and whenever he drank to excess it was rather mechanically and from inattention, than from choice." Curran removed from Ely Place to a house in Harcourt Street, and from thence to No. 80 Stephen's Green, since rebuilt. There he remained, except when at the Priory (see page 130), until the last year or so of his life, which was spent, in broken health and spirits, in London, and different English watering-places. He died in London in 1817, at the age of sixty-seven.

At **No. 5, Charles Kendal Bushe** lived during the third decade of the century. In 1822 he was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench As an advocate, a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* (1841) says of him: "It was said of Bushe that 'he charmed the verdict from the jury by the fascination of his eye.' His manner was calm, dignified, and grand. Kemble pronounced him with truth the most perfect actor off the stage. We do not believe that Erskine, the great glory of the English Bar, could for a moment, as an advocate to a jury,

be placed in competition with Bushe." "His imposing figure and deportment," says W. H. Curran (*Sketches of the Irish Bar*) "his graceful, persuasive gestures, his manly, pliant features, so easily seduced from their habitual dignity by a love of gentlemanly fun, his fine sonorous voice, his genial laughter—were some, though not all, of the ingredients in that combination which made Bushe the most fascinating of companions." Grattan said of him that "he spoke with the lips of an angel." Among his social qualifications was a strong talent for repartee. One illustration may be given. Being asked by an acquaintance not very clean in his person if he would give him a remedy for a sore throat, he told him to "take a pint of hot water, put in it a pint of bran, and rub his leg well for a quarter of an hour." "Why, replied the other, "that is nothing more than washing my feet." "I admit," said Bushe, "that it is *open to that objection*." When Sir Robert Peel was Chief Secretary of Ireland he met, on one occasion, an Irish country squire remarkable for his vulgarity. Bushe was a neighbour, and the squire was loud in his praises of the Irish orator. Peel asked "what was Mr. Bushe's *forte?*" "His what?" asked the squire. "What is he most remarkable for?" "Ha! I understand—the jury." "And how does he manage

5 Ely Place.

the jury?" "Troth, this way, he blarneys them. He first butthers them up, and then he slithers them down." Bushe removed from Ely Place to Upper Mount Street (see page 64). He died in 1843 at the age of sixty-six.

Another occupant of No. 5 was **John Doherty,** Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1830. As Crown Prosecutor in the Donneraile conspiracy he had the previous year encountered O'Connell, who was retained on behalf of the prisoners, when, according to one writer, "he received a verbal bastinadoing from the great tribune, under which he obviously winced." Like Lord Clare, at an earlier date, in the adjoining house, he appears to have been apprehensive of an attack from without; some holes being shown in a staircase to the left through which muskets could be fired on the invaders, while an iron gate protects the approach to the upper storeys. Doherty had the personal advantages of a commanding figure, a fine voice, and fluent speech. Moore, in his diary, notices his buoyant and almost boyish heartiness of manner. He was considered to bear a striking resemblance to his kinsman, Canning. He died in 1850, at the age of sixty-seven.

At **No. 6** (formerly No. 10) lived and died **John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare,** Attorney-General and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland; whose "career," says O'Flanagan (*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*), "displays dauntless courage, the highest intellect, the utmost selfishness, and unrestrained arrogance." When a boy he is said to have displayed the imperious spirit which marked his manhood. Being ordered to attend his father to receive reproof for some childish fault, and told that he must go to him instantly, he replied, stamping his foot, "'Orders'—'must!' Such language suits me not, nor will I stir an inch. *Decretum est.*" His father, amused at the boy's spirit, penned a note requesting "the honour of an interview with Mr. John

Fitzgibbon," which received due attention. Contrasting the younger Grattan's account of him as the basest of men, without one redeeming virtue, and Mr. Froude's picture of him as an unsullied patriot, thinking only of his country's good, the writer of his memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography* says: "The one picture is as false as the other. In Clare's cold and unemotional manner there was a good deal of affectation, and his friends claimed for him that he was kindly and true. . . . . He was ambitious, not very scrupulous, vain, and intolerable insolent; but whether he used his power for good or evil, he acted with uniform courage, and in point of ability stood head and shoulders above all the other Irishmen of his time who sided with the Government." Barrington (*Historic Memories*) says, "he was naturally dissipated and for some time attended but little to the duties of his profession, . . . warm but indiscriminate in his friendships, equally indiscriminate and implacable in his animosities, . . . an indefatigable and active friend, a kind, affectionate master—liberal, hospitable, and munificent." "A friend once said to Grattan of Fitzgibbon," writes Phillips (*Curran and His Contemporaries*), 'I think he is a very dangerous man.' 'Very,' said Grattan, 'a very dangerous man—to run away from.'" Barrington, in his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, thus describes him: "In person he

6 Ely Place.

was about the middle size, his eyes—large, dark, and penetrating—betrayed some of the boldest traits of his uncommon character." Phillips states, "on the authority of his eldest son, the late Lord Clare, that when nearing his end, and told that all hope was over, he sent for his wife." "I have but one request to make of you," he said, "it is that you will burn all my papers; should they remain after me *hundreds may be compromised*;" and remarks that "his kind solicitude for others has left him without a biographer." He died from the effects of a fall from his horse. O'Flanagan says, "the intensity of the national hate for the man who, in the opinion of the people, had deeply injured his country, was displayed at his funeral in yelling and shrieking and ribaldry, disgraceful and disgusting. They followed the mournful *cortége* to Saint Peter's Church and with difficulty were restraint from heaping filth and mud upon the lid which covered the face of the dead." He died in 1802, at the age of fifty-three. The house, now the offices of the Valuation and Boundary Survey of Ireland, is of great size, extending far in the rere, with a handsome stone staircase, also in the rere portion, and tasteful wall and ceiling decorations. In one room the empty sockets of several medallions in the mantelpiece are seen. It is said that before their removal to the Castle, when the property changed hands, a visitor to the building offered £50 for one, under the impression that it was a genuine "Wedgwood." When he saw it after removal he valued it, as *not* being the great master's work, at less than £5. The basement of the house is built on groined arches, and traces of the covered way which led to the isolated kitchen in the rere may be seen. One or two iron gates also remain which were put up by the Earl as a protection against the hatred and violence of the people. In an interesting paper on this house and its associations, by Mr. J. P. Prendergast, in the *Daily Express* of January 17th, 1890, we are told how Lord Clare sent to

a builder, Tom Brown by name, to come to him privately one night, "and told him that he was warned that his house would be attacked that night or the following, and he wanted the hall-door secured privately. This Brown did by placing three-inch planks of timber from the hall-door to the cross wall, a very strong one, so that to burst open the hall-door it would be necessary to break down the cross wall."

At **No. 25** lived at the commencement of last century **John Wilson Croker**, editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and among the earliest of the contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, the writer of an article in which, July, 1876, while protesting against Macaulay's splenetic outburst in his diary (see *Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay*), that Croker was "a bad, a very bad man, a scandal to politics and letters," admits that "his sarcastic sallies and pungent wit made him many enemies," and that "he was himself aware that he was too frequently betrayed into too great severity towards literary and political opponents." It is known that he gloried in his efforts to "tomahawk"—his own phrase—Miss Martineau and her works, and cast base and unfounded aspersions on the characters of those whose opinions differed from his own. Croker was born in Galway. After completing his college course in Dublin and taking his degree of B.A. he went to London and was entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn, but spent a portion of each year in Dublin. Afterwards he practised as a barrister on the Munster Circuit. In a satirical work, published in 1804, entitled, "An intercepted letter from J—T—, Esq., written at Canton to his friend in Dublin," he gives an amusing account, under the disguise of Chinese names, of the local politics and society of Dublin. It passed through seven editions within a year. Croker died in 1857, at the age of seventy-seven.

Returning to the top of Ely Place we pass, on the right, into

LOWER BAGGOT STREET.

At **No. 128,** the brothers **John** and **Henry Sheares** resided; and received as an intimate friend the treacherous Captain Armstrong, who betrayed their connection with the United Irish party to the government. Henry was arrested here. Barrington (*Historic Memories*) describes him as possessing "a competent fortune," and an "exceedingly domestic character; personally, he was not remarkable except that a mark of red wine nearly covered the left cheek." He addressed an urgent appeal to Barrington to solicit the Lord Chancellor in his behalf, a fac-simile of which is given in Barrington's work. The younger brother, John, is described as tall, fair, handsome, and of gentlemanly address. They were inseperable as brothers, and they went to death on the scaffold hand in hand: though John alone exhibited firmness at that awful crisis.

Lower Baggot Street leads by Upper Fitzwilliam Street, into

FITZWILLIAM SQUARE.

No. 2 was the town residence of **William Dargan,** the famous railway contractor, who expended £10,000 of his fortune in bearing the deficit of the Industrial Dublin Exhibition of 1853. In Webb's *Irish Biography* it is recorded that "from 1853 to 1865 he was among the most honoured men in the country, and was supposed to be one of the wealthiest. But a terrible reverse was impending. In 1866 he was severely injured by a fall from his horse, and soon afterwards, overstrained by numerons undertakings, became bankrupt, and died broken in health and spirits." Wills (*Irish Nation*) says: "Prompt, sagacious, clear-sighted, and far-seeing, he estimated character by instinct, and

was thus seldom mistaken in those whom he selected to carry out his plans. Two appellations by which he was known will illustrate his character:—'The workman's friend,' and 'The man with his hand in his pocket.' The former he well merited by the justice and wise liberality of his dealings with the artizan class; the latter, while it originated in Jones' celebrated statue (in which he is represented in that attitude) and perpetuated by a not infelicitous poem, is indicative of his readiness to spend his money freely when his judgment or his patriotism suggested it." He died in 1868, at the age of sixty-nine.

At **No. 5** lived **Chief Justice Edward Pennefather.** He died in 1847 at the age of seventy-one.

At **No. 6**, in the intervals of his continental wanderings, 1840-50, and subsequently, lived **James Henry, M.D.**, whom we find in Dawson Street thriving, to the disgust of his professional brethren, on five shilling fees. In 1840 he inherited a large legacy which made him independent, and for twelve years he travelled about Europe accompanied at first by his wife and daughter, latterly by his daughter only, to make researches on his favorite author, Virgil. "After the death of his wife," says Dr. Mahaffy (*Academy*, August, 1876) "in the Tyrol—where he succeeded in cremating her and carrying off her ashes, which he preserved ever after—he continued to travel with his daughter who . . . emulated him in all his tastes and opinions. . . . It was the habit of this curious pair to wander on foot, without luggage, through all parts of Europe, generally hunting for some rare edition or commentator. . . . . Seventeen times they crossed the Alps, sometimes in deep snow, and more than once they were obliged to show the money they carried in abundance, before they were received into the inns where they sought shelter from the night and rain." The result was a work

entitled *Twelve Years' Journey through the Æneid of Virgil*, and a versified account of his travels, and other poems privately printed at Dresden, and entitled *My Book*. Here are the prefatory lines, which the printer will probably be unable to present as in the original, where, like the rest of the book, the accented syllables are marked:—

> "My book is to myself so like,
> And there's so few myself who like,
> I fear there's few my book will like,
> If I had cared to paint less like
> Unadorned nature and such like;
> Daubings of Boz, Phiz, and such like
> Caricaturists, more would like
> Me and my book, few'd dislike."

With half-a-dozen lines from "The Poet's Autobiography"—so entitled—reminiscent of his cremated lady, the reader will probably have had enough of *My Book*.

> "Four years two months ago this day
> In South Tirol a corpse she lay,
> Wreathed round with lily and with rose,
> In yonder marble vase repose
> The relics of her funeral pyre,
> The cinders that survived the fire."

By the south side of the square and Upper Pembroke Street we pass into

LEESON STREET.

No. 29 was one of several houses in this street, in which resided "the Goldsmith of the Irish Bar," **Peter Burrowes.** In 1811, according to the Directory, he was living at No. 89; in 1814, at No. 29; in 1817, at No. 39; and in 1825, at 57. Burrowes was

called to the Bar in 1785; by a fortunate accident escaping from falling a victim to the duelling practices of the time on the only occasion on which he submitted to them—a ball from his adversary's pistol striking some coins in his waistcoat pocket. Burrowes owed his lack of promotion to his intimacy with Wolfe Tone, and his cordial friendship for the exiled Emmet; the interest and intimacy, however, were purely personal. "He was a most singular personage," says Philips, (*Curran and his Contemporaries*) "uniting to an intellect the most profound, the most childish simplicity. . . . . As he rolled his portly figure through the streets, his hands in his breeches pockets and his eyes glaring on his oldest friend as if he had never seen him, it was plain to all that Peter was in the moon. It is recorded of him, that on circuit a brother barrister found him at breakfast time standing by the fire with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucepan. . . . . Devoid of every grace and every art, ungainly in figure, awkward in action, and discordant in voice, no man more invited the attention of an audience, or more repaid it. His mind was of the very highest order, and his arguments were clothed in language chaste and vigorous." Phillips further records the following amusing incident in court: "A murder, which caused much excitement, had been committed, and he had to state the case for the prosecution. In one hand—having a heavy cold—he held a box of lozenges, and in the other a small pistol-bullet by which the man met his death. Ever and anon, between the pauses in his address, he kept supplying himself with a lozenge, until at last, in the very middle of a sentence, his bosom heaving, and his eye starting—a perfect picture of horror, Peter bellowed out "Oh-h-h, gentlemen—by the heaven above me—*I've—I've swallowed the bullet.*" "No member of the Irish Bar," says O'Flanagan, "is held in more affectionate remembrance than Peter Burrowes. . . . . his amiable disposition, unbending patriotism, and the

excellent and humane manner in which he discharged his professional and official duties have embalmed his name in every Irish heart" (*Irish Bar*). His last appearance in public was in 1840, when he was in his eighty-seventh year. Having gone to London to consult an oculist in 1841, he died there the same year.

No. 18, now a convent, was the residence of **Thomas Langlois Lefroy,** Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench from 1852 to 1866, at the time when he passed sentence on John Mitchell in 1848. He had previously lived at Nos. 12 and 16. Wills (*Irish Nation*) says: "The closing years of the aged Chief Justice were spent in retirement, but not in apathy or indolence. He was essentially of domestic tastes, and gathered round him at his country seat at Carrig-glas and in his town-house at Leeson Street, his children and children's children, especially at the genial seasons of Christmas and Easter. . . . . He was of a deeply religious cast off mind, and left behind him a collection of meditations on sacred subjects." Shiel (*Sketches Legal and Political*) says of him: "As a judge he was remarkable for the quickness with which he apprehended the essential features of the cases submitted to him, while his comphrensive grasp of legal principles and his skill in the application of them, have never been surpassed." Lefroy removed from Carrig-glas to Bray for the better air, and died there in 1869, at the great age of ninety-three. Lord Ardilaun was living here in 1883.

Turning down Hatch Street (by No. 24) the second lane on the left leads us almost in a direct line to the bank of the Canal; following this to the right, and passing under the railway bridge, we reach

CHARLEMONT PLACE.

No. 7 was the residence in his last years of **George Petrie, LL.D.** (see GREAT CHARLES STREET, page 98)

His name appears in the Dublin Directory at this address from 1858 to 1864. He died at Rathmines in 1866, at the age of seventy-seven. Stokes, in his *Life of Petrie*, says of him: "He often declared to the writer that though always a poor man, his life had been one of great enjoyment, greater than that which falls to the lot of most men, and that his chief happiness was in the society of so many loving, lasting, and intellectual friends." He describes him as "a rare example of purity and gentleness of character, almost feminine, although when called upon he could exhibit the greatest energy, firmness, and determination."

Crossing Charlemont Street, and passing the front of the Portobello Hotel, we reach a row of small houses designated

PORTOBELLO HARBOUR.

Here, in the rere, approached by a narrow entry between Nos. 4A and 4B, stands a long, low, brick house with a plastered *annexe*, occupied in 1798 by Mrs. Dillon, in which **Lord Edward Fitzgerald** was concealed on two occasions. Madden (*United Irishmen*) says: "Lord Edward was removed, disguised, from Harold's Cross on the Tuesday after the arrests at Bond's, to the house of a widow lady of the name of Dillon, an acquaintance of Surgeon Lawless, residing close to the Canal at Portobello Bridge. . . . . Lord Edward, while he remained in this place of concealment, visited Lady Fitzgerald, who was then residing in Denzille Street with her children, attended by a female servant and her husband's trusty valet, the faithful 'Tony.'" Thomas Moore, in his *Life of Lord Edward*, says: "The name he went by while at the house of the widow lady [her name is carefully surpressed in Moore's work] was Jameson, and an old and faithful man-servant of the family was the only person allowed to wait upon

him. . . . . A pair of his boots having been left outside the door to be cleaned, the man-servant to whom they had been given for that purpose, told his mistress afterwards that he knew who the gentleman upstairs was, but that she need not fear, for he would die to save him. He then showed her Lord Edward's name written at full length in one of the boots." When told that Lord Edward, having been informed of this discovery, wished to have some talk with him and express his gratification at the man's devotion, he answered, "No, I will not look at him—for if they take me up, I can then, you know, swear that I never saw him." "He remained there nearly a month," says Moore, "and used to walk out most nights along the bank of the Canal, and accompanied generally by a child. . . . . So light-hearted, indeed, and imprudent was he at times that Mrs. ——, who, during his absence on these walks, was left in a constant state of anxiety and suspense, used often to hear him, at a considerable distance, laughing with his young companion." The second occasion of his coming here was in the first week of May, when the pursuit of him was becoming very active and eager. He arrived covered with mud, having been induced by his escort, Lawless and Cormick, to lie down in a ditch—with a laughing protest against the proceeding—by the road-side, until some people had passed by. Mrs. Dillon was visiting a neighbour, and Moore says that when the news was brought to her that "Miss Fitzgerald, of Ally," had arrived, she was so agitated that she fainted. Moore further says that "he no longer preserved any guarded privacy here, and scarcely a day elapsed without his having company—sometimes six or seven in number—to dine with him." About the 13th he removed to Dublin to concert measures for the rising on the night of the 23rd (see page 16.) The wall at the farther side of the yard in front of the house has taken the place of a hedge of former times. Two houses of the same period still exist in

immediate proximity to Mrs. Dillon's house, having their front in Lennox Street, and the hedge referred to forming the boundary of their gardens. A late tenant of one of these informed the writer that her landlord had told that when a boy and living in the house occupied by her, he had often seen across the hedge a strange gentleman leaving Mrs. Dillon's after nightfall, and afterwards came to learn that it was Lord Edward starting for his evening stroll.

We terminate the present tour by crossing over Portobello, or, more properly, Latouche Bridge, to

RATHMINES ROAD.

On the right, a short distance from the bridge, a desolate-looking path, entered through stone gate-posts, leads to a large red-brick house standing far back from the main road. This house is interesting as having been presented, with the adjacent land, to **Henry Grattan** by the citizens of Dublin in lieu of the gift of money which he declined. He is said to have occupied it for a short period only, preferring the residence which he purchased at Tinnahinch. As the house in St. Stephen's Green, in which Grattan lived when in Dublin in his later years, has been removed for the erection of Saint Vincent's Hospital, a few notes on one of the most famous of Irishmen may be fitly recorded here. "Grattan was short in stature," says Phillips (*Curran and His Contemporaries*) "and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation." When upwards of sixty he is described as "a thin and delicate-looking little man, but his eye full of fire and genius." Sir James Mackintosh described him as one of the few individual men whose

personal virtues were rewarded by public fame, "one as eminent in his observances of all the duties of private life as heroic in the discharge of his public obligations." After the Union he went into the Imperial Parliament. He was dying when he left Dublin for the last time to attend the session of 1820, resolute to speak in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. His son writes, "The people assembled round his carriage, and the quay was lined with crowds cheering him. When he got on board, Burrows, Humphreys, Mr. Rothe, Lord Meath, and a number of friends were there. Mr. Grattan asked for some wine, and drank the health of the citizens of Dublin" (*Life of Grattan*). Mortification set in on the journey, and he expired a few days after his arrival in London. His age was seventy-six.

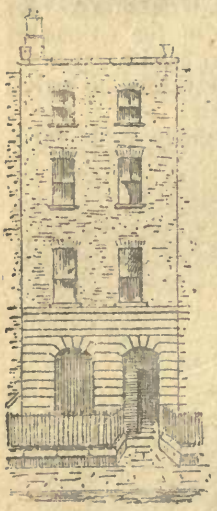
We are now on the direct tramway route for a return to College Green.

ROUTE IV.

Starting from College Green we pass up Westmoreland Street. The first turning on the right is

FLEET STREET.

At **No. 50** (now portion of the site occupied by the Municipal Electric Light Works) lived **John Foster,** Speaker of the Irish Parliament, whose emotion on the occasion of the last vote on the Union is described by Barrington:—"When he had pronounced the fatal sentence—'The ayes have it,' for an instant he stood statue-like. Then, indignantly and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit." He declined to surrender the mace of the House of Commons, declaring that "until the body that entrusted it to his keeping demanded it, he would preserve it for them." It is held by his decendants, the Massereene family. Though not eloquent, Foster is said to have had a calm, clear, and forcible delivery. He died in 1828, at the age of eighty-seven. Foster was living here at the date of the incident above recorded.



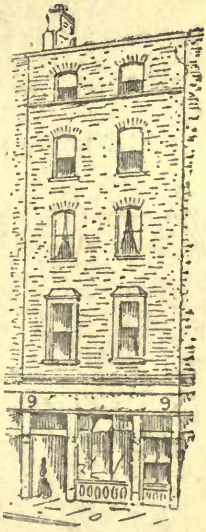
50 Fleet Street.

At the end of Fleet Street, on the left, is

D'OLIER STREET.

At **No. 9,** now the offices of Mr. A. W. Hewett, Tourists Agent, lived **Samuel Lover,** in the

year 1832. Writing of him, in 1827, Bayle Bernard says: "His reputation was now established as one of the leading miniature painters in Dublin. He had made a pleasant mark in literature; he was growing popular as a song-writer, with steadily increasing income, many friends, and with personal qualities which made him a favorite with all." In that year he married, and "his house became a *ré-union* for much of the wit and talent of the city." Symington, in his *Life Sketch of Lover*, remarks, "The thought that the author of Rory O'More was a painter at all is at the present day known by very few; on the other hand his Irish peasant stories, overflowing with tender affection and natural pathos, sparkling with wit, and beaming with kindly humour, innocent fun, and cordial geniality, are universally appreciated." The same writer described him as "always abstemiously temperate and keeping early hours, . . . honourable, and dowered with practical common sense, ... with a rare capacity for persistent work, which enabled him to carry through and master whatever he resolved to attempt, warm-hearted and pure-minded, tender and true, joyous and brave." One of his witty retorts may be quoted: "A lady of great beauty and attraction, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, crowned her praises of it, at a party, by saying 'I think, I was meant for an Irishwoman.' 'Cross the Channel, Madam,' Lover replied, 'and millions will say you were meant for an Irishman.'" A miniature of Paganini



9 D'Olier Street

which Lover produced, and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, in 1834, added greatly to his reputation as an artist, and in that year he removed to London. Subsequently he travelled in the United States with his entertainment, which was also a standing attraction for some time in London. He died in 1868, at the age of seventy-one.

We now cross the "O'Connell" or "Carlisle" bridge to

LOWER SACKVILLE STREET.

At **No. 7,** on the east side, now rebuilt, and forming part of the D.B.Co's premises, **Percy Bysshe Shelley** lodged in 1812, on a visit to Dublin, having as he informs us, "selected Ireland as a theatre, the widest and fairest, for the operations of the determined friends of religious and political freedom." To carry out his designs he published a pamphlet entitled, *An Address to the Irish People*," with an advertisement on the title page declaring it to be the author's "intention to awaken in the minds of the Irish poor a knowledge of their real state, summarily pointing out the evils of that state and suggesting means of remedy." "In first-floor rooms, at No. 7 Sackville Street," writes Professor Dowden, "a house belonging to a Mr. Dunne, a woollen draper, Shelley and his party speedily found lodgings. Standing on the balcony (removed, Professor Dowden states, in 1884) outside his window, he could see, and almost hear the Liffey gliding under its bridges, and survey

7 Lr. Sackville Street

the widest avenue in Dublin—an unbroken vista from the Rotunda, the northern end, to the late House of Parliament beyond the river to the south. Having breakfasted, Shelley sallied forth to put into a printer's hands the manuscript of *An Address to the Irish People.* It was intended for the poor, and at first Shelley intended that it should be printed in large sheets to be stuck about the walls of Dublin. . . . . The plan of printing the address on a broad sheet was abandoned, and the price of the pamphlet, of which 1,500 meanly-printed copies were struck off, was fixed at the modest sum of a five-penny bit" (*Life of Shelley*). As Drummond (*Life of A. H. Rowan*) remarks, "It is probable that Shelley soon discovered that Ireland was not so favourable a 'theatre for his operations,' nor the Irish people of a temperament so combustible as his own ardent imagination had led him to expect." Until some days after the appearance of his 'address,' on February 25th," says Professor Dowden, "Shelley had lived in conparative seclusion, occupied in drawing up his second pamphlet. . . . . Though few visitors came, the days went quickly by in the Sackville Street lodgings." Shelley and his wife occupied themselves in throwing down copies of the pamphlet to the passers-by. "I stand at the balcony of our window," he wrote, "and watch till I see a man *who looks likely*, I throw a book to him." Shortly after this Shelley removed to lodgings in Grafton Street. (See page 22).

We turn up Earl Street, to the right of the Nelson Column, to

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Tyrone House, on the right hand, going north, forms the south-west wing of an extensive range constituting the National Model Schools, and was the first private edifice built of stone in Dublin, being erected by the Earl of Tyrone, in 1740. It was the

birth-place of **Lord George Beresford,** Archbishop of Dublin (see page 35) and Primate of Ireland. He was the son of the first Marquis of Waterford and Earl of Tyrone, whom Barrington calls "the automaton of Lord Clare, possessed of very plain manners, an

Tyrone House, Marlborough Street.

open countenance, a slothful and uncultivated mind, and unsusceptible of any refined or patriotic feeling." The third Marquis, whose whimsical and extravagant escapades formed a prolific source of gossip in the middle of the nineteenth century, was also born here, in 1811. He was killed by a fall from his horse at Corbally in 1859. The meetings of the National Education Board took place here in Archbishop Whateley's time, and possibly do so still, and it is said that for many years after his retirement from the Board a hole used to be pointed out in the carpet, the result of the oscillations of his chair while resting on its hind legs, thrown backwards; while his feet rested *on the table.* A favourite amusement of the Archbishop's, at these meetings, was to study the phrenological developments of his comrades; and on one occasion, referring to the peculiarly flat-topped head of a neighbour, he

propounded what he called the "new phrenological test"—"Take a handful of peas, drop them on the head of the patient; the amount of the man's dishonesty will depend on the number which remain there. If a large number remain, tell the butler to lock up the plate."

The first turning on the right-hand side, going north, leads, at a distance of a third of a mile, to our next point of interest: if it be desired to omit it, the following point will be more quickly reached from Tyrone House, by passing up Marlborough Street into Great Britain Street, and going eastward to Rutland Street.

UPPER BUCKINGHAM STREET.

At **No. 36** lived, at the close of his life, **John O'Donovan,** the distinguished Irish Scholar and antiquary, who "may be said to be the first historic topographer that Ireland ever produced" (Webb's *Irish Biography*). *The Annals of the Four Masters*, the great work of his life, appeared in 1848-51, the Irish type for which was cut from designs drawn by George Petrie. In 1839 he had been engaged under Petrie in the Ordnance Survey (see PETRIE, next page). In Stokes' *Life of Petrie* we have an account of him from Wakeman, a fellow-member of the staff: "At this time O'Donovan was about thirty years of age. As in the case of almost every man who has risen to distinction, he was an unwearied worker, never sparing himself, and evidently holding his occupation a labour of love. With all employed in the office he was a general favourite, and in the intervals between his most serious business, would often give us some of his experiences as a traveller, telling his tale in a rich, emphatic manner peculiarly his own." "As the years passed over," we read in Webb, "he fell into a condition of fixed depression

and despondency." He died in 1861, at the age of fifty-two. In O'Donovan's time his and the adjoining house stood alone on that side of the road above Meredyth Place.

Passing on to the top of Upper Buckingham Street, we turn to the left in Summer Hill, and, by Rutland Street, to

GREAT CHARLES STREET.

At **No. 21**, a few doors to the east of the corner, about 1835-50, lived **George Petrie, LL.D.**, "painter, musician, antiquary, and man of letters, ... one of the most interesting men of the age" (*Dublin University Magazine*, 1839). It is well known that his researches have been accepted as conclusive of the Christian origin and ecclesiastical uses of the Round Towers. Petrie was head of the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey, and in Stokes' *Life of Petrie* we have an "interior" picture supplied by Mr. Wakeman, one of the staff, the scene being "the little back parlour in Great Charles Street," where "we used to meet daily. By we I mean John O'Donovan (see page 97), Eugene Curry, Clarence Mangan (see page 28), E. O'Keefe, J. O'Conner, besides two or three more." In an article contributed to the Dublin daily press, and reprinted with others in pamphlet form as *Old Dublin*, the same writer says of Mangan: "He

21 Great Charles Street.

had in our room a large unpainted deal desk, about breast high, supported upon four legs, and to match, an equally plain stool or seat, both being his own property, and of his own introduction. Upon the desk, when he worked at all, he would copy documents as required. He had nothing else to do, so that his training as a scrivener made the task all the more easy. At times he would be very dull and silent, but at times he would make puns and jokes. He generally had some awful story of a supernatural character to tell as he was sipping his tar water, a bottle of which he always carried with him." One of the most remarkable features of Petrie's character, says Stokes, "was the interest he felt for animated nature in general, and especially for all domestic animals. . . . . During Petrie's residence in Charles Street the kitten of his favourite cat had its leg broken, when he rushed out for one of his friends, then a practising surgeon, but failed to find him; he then called in another, but had hardly knocked at the door when, for the first time, the singularity of the position struck him; for a moment he thought of leaving the door, but waited to apologise for calling. The door was opened, he was forced to come in; the candles were lit in the study, and the servant, regardless of Petrie's remonstrances, ran upstairs for his master, who was in bed. In a few minutes the surgeon came down, carrying his boots in his hand, and assuring him that no apologies were necessary, he donned his hat and cloak and accompanied him to the house, when Petrie, almost dumb with confusion, at last took courage to tell the nature of the case. The good-humoured answer was, 'Well, let me see the patient at all events.' He was brought to the kitten, the limb was carefully put up, and the surgeon, refusing his fee, promised to call next day; but as Petrie went to show him to the door, the old cat, who watched the entire proceeding, sprang on the table and carried her kitten to a corner of the room. She then proceeded to undo

all the bandages, deliberately taking out pin by pin, while Petrie watched in amazement, and the splints being removed, she commenced licking the part, and thus continued with hardly an intermission, for some days and nights, when a cure was effected without the slightest deformity." In 1851 Petrie went to live at Rathmines Road. (See PETRIE, page 87).

Returning along Great Charles Street, we proceed to the south side of

MOUNTJOY SQUARE.

At **No. 38** lived, until March in the year 1890, **Richard Dowse,** Baron of the Court of Exchequer. *The Times* in an obituary notice of March 15th, says: "Mr. Baron Dowse was a self-made man, who, without social advantages, forced his way by his own merit to the eminent position which he occupied. . . . . He gave at all times free and vivid utterance to his thoughts, without waiting to examine critically the terms in which he should mould them. These were often quaint and graphic, with a dash of wit and humour, which, if a little wanting in dignity, . . . gave emphasis and force to an argument or comment." Baron Dowse died suddenly while on circuit, at Tralee.

No. 2, on the west side of the square, was the last residence of Chief Justice **James Whiteside.** He was living here at the time of his elevation to the Bench in 1866. Two years before, a writer in *Temple Bar* says of him: "The character of Whiteside's face is entirely Milesian: it is pale, or rather the colour of that material upon which he has so often written as an able conveyancer—parchment; and his face is as free from a blush as it is from a beard. He strides or stalks across the hall with the bustling air of a man of business and the port of a self-reliant, able man. . . . . He

has some peculiar tones that arrest attention—deep, guttural notes—harsh, grating, short, rough grunts or snarls—that have a singular effect in his mode of rendering some passages. His scorn is withering, his sarcasm bitter, blighting, blistering; his love of the ridiculous irrepressible. He is, without doubt, the wittiest and most humorous man at present at the Bar in Ireland." He died in 1876, at the age of seventy-two.

Grenville Street, at the south-west corner of the Square, leads into Temple Street, going north in which we reach the eastern extremity of

GREAT DENMARK STREET.

At **No. 3, John Toler, Lord Norbury,** lived during the last twenty years of his life, when in Dublin. He resigned the Chief Justiceship in 1827, at the age of eighty-seven. A year previously, having fallen asleep on the Bench during a trial for murder, he had received a hint to resign, which, however, came to nothing at the time, owing, it was said, to his indignation being so much aroused that he threatened the emissary of the Lord Lieutenant with a challenge to fight. "The Castle-hack he sends me," he said, "shall be his proxy. I'll have his life, or mine. . . . . The hair-triggers are ready as in the days of Tandy and Fitzgerald." "Curran," says O'Flanagan, "often raised a laugh at Lord Norbury's expense. The laws, at that period, made capital punishment so general, that nearly all crimes were punished with death by the rope. It was remarked Lord Norbury never hesitated to condemn the convicted prisoner to the gallows. Dining in company with Curran, who was carving some corned beef, Lord Norbury inquired, 'Is that beef hung, Mr. Curran?' 'Not yet, my lord,' was the reply, '*you have not tried it.*' While charging the jury after his usual

fashion—now a reference to the parties in the suit, 'how he knew the plaintiff's father, and loved him, and of what a respectable family the defendant was'—then a quotation from a play, or a pun upon a witness, making an *olla podrida* of most incongruous materials—Lord Norbury's address was drowned by the braying of an ass. His lordship, not guessing the cause of the interruption, impatiently inquired, 'What noise is that?' 'Merely an *echo of the Court*, my lord, was Curran's sarcastic reply" (*Irish Bar*). Wills (*Irish Nation*) says Lord Norbury "had a country house at Cabra, but few ever saw the inside of it, though from the apparent heartiness of the invitations, one would have believed him a most hospitable man. A story is told of a worthy old gentleman and his wife having responded to the usual good-natured question, 'When will you pass a few days at my place?' by going there with bandboxes and portmanteaus. They were booked in their own minds for a week at least, but had reckoned without their host. Lord Norbury had his wits about him, and on seeing the preparations for their sojourn, immediately came to the hall-door. 'Now, my dear friends, this is so kind of you. I'll really take no excuse, you must positively oblige me by staying to dinner.'" Of Lord Norbury's appearance Phillips, in *Curran and His Contemporaries*, says: "The chivalry of Quixote was encased in the paunch of Sancho Panza. Short and pursy, with a jovial visage, and little, grey, twinkling eyes, he had a singular habit of inflating his cheeks at the end of every sentence, and, with a spice of satire was called 'Puffendorf' in consequence." It was Toler's favourite boast that he commenced his legal career with fifty pounds in cash and a pair of hair-trigger pistols. "His whole bearing and aspect," says Shiel, "breathed a turbulent spirit of domination. His voice was deep and big, and in despite of the ludicrous associations connected with his character, when it rolled the denunciations of infuriated power through the court,

derived from the terrible intimations it conveyed an awful and appalling character" (*Sketches Legal and Political*). Writing of him at the period of his elevation to the Bench, Wills (*Irish Nation*) says: "His name had hitherto been prominent for carrying the law severely into operation against the United Irishmen, and now . . . . his ambition seemed to aspire to no higher position than to be regarded as a compound of Calcraft and Joe Miller. Thenceforward the press seldom published a newspaper without a paragraph entitled *Lord Norbury's Jokes*. The *bon mots* attributable to him are innumerable. . . . . The leading practitioners of the court proved no mean corps of actors in the 'broad farce.' . . . . The scenes which occurred, the hard hits dealt between the Bar and the Bench, were such as no other tribunal ever presented before or probably ever will again. Imagine a counsel saying to a judge: 'I hope your lordship will for once in your life, have the courage to non-suit.' The word courage stirred up the Toler blood in the veins of the Chief Justice. He repeated the word 'courage.' 'I tell you what, Mr. Wallace, there are two kinds of courage—courage to shoot and courage to *non-shoot*, and I hope I have both but non-shoot I certainly will not.' . . . . The well-known pun of the *Daily Freeman* was made on the occasion of a young barrister of very gentlemanlike address opening the pleading before him. 'A very promising young man,' exclaimed his lordship.' 'Jackson, what's his name?' 'Mr. Freeman, my lord.' 'Ah, of the county of Cork, I know it by his air. Sir, you are a gentleman of very high pretensions. I protest I never heard the money counts stated in a more dignified manner in all my life. I hope I shall find you, like the paper before me, a *Daily Freeman* in my court. . . . . On the action brought against an individual named Paul, several letters addressed to him were put in evidence. The jury expressed a wish to see them. 'By all means,' replied his lordship, 'send up to the jury,

those *Epistles of Paul.*' One day a gentleman on circuit, meeting Lord Norbury at dinner, was entertaining him with several sporting anecdotes. Among other extraordinary feats, he mentioned having shot thirty-one hares before breakfast. 'I don't doubt it,' replied his lordship,' 'but you must have fired at a wig.'" He was born in 1740 and died in 1831.

Returning a short distance in Great Denmark Street we pass down

GREAT GEORGE'S STREET, NORTH.

No. 44 was from 1807 the residence of **Sir Arthur Clarke**, who, then an apothecary merely, removed hither from Gardiner's Place. The following year he married Olivia Owenson, who, as the story goes, had, like her sister, Lady Morgan, vowed never to change her name, except for a title. The amiable Viceroy, the Duke of Richmond, whose *penchant* for bestowing titles was satirised by Lever in *Charles O'Malley*, did the same good service for Clarke that he had already done for Mr. Morgan, and the apothecary became Sir Arthur, and in 1813 a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in *Friends and Foes of Lady Morgan*, quotes an obituary notice of Clarke: "Small as he was —and a man of more Lilliputian dimensions, with the exception of Tom Moore, never trod our pave—he will be greatly missed in Dublin. . . . . The late Judge Day was one of the oldest and steadiest of his friends. Sir Arthur and he were at one time almost inseparable, and it was a standing joke with the wags of Dublin some fifty years ago to liken the great colossal judge and his diminutive companion to the 21st of June, inasmuch as they jointly constituted *the longest Day and the shortest night.*" In 1820 Clarke opened a medicated bathing establishment in Lower Temple Street, and used to say, punningly, "I was a Knight Bachelor, I

am now a Knight of the Bath. He died in 1887, aged eighty-four. His father-in-law, George Owenson, died here in 1812, at the age of sixty-eight.

At **No. 20** resided **Sir Samuel Ferguson**, author of *Hibernian Nights Entertainments*, *Lays of the Western Gael*, and the famous pasquinade, *Father Tom and the Pope*. "He married, in August 1848, Mary Catherine Guinness, and for many years he and his wife practised an open, generous, and delightful hospitality towards every one in Dublin who cared for literature, music, or art, at their house in North Great George's Street. . . As a poet he deserves recollection in Ireland, for he strove hard to create modern poetry from the old Irish tales of heroes and saints, and histories of places." Dr. Mahaffy, in the *Athenæum*, August, 1866, says he was "a man who loved his country from pure affection and as a moral duty," and "who never lent his poetic talent to increase the volume of Irish discontent." "I remember asking him," he writes, "how he, a very secular young barrister, had gathered the theological lore scattered through this brilliant piece of fun [*Father Tom and the Pope*] and he told me that when living in very modest lodgings in Eccles Street he often had friends with him on Sunday evenings. This persuaded two rich and pious ladies in the drawing-room floor that he was a Roman Catholic in need of conversion, and they accordingly bribed his servant to leave controversial tracts upon his table. Here were the materials for the dialogue, which he himself spoke of very slightingly, but which showed the world one side of the man—his genuine wit and humour." He died in 1886, at the age of seventy-six.

At the southern end of Great George's Street is

GREAT BRITAIN STREET.

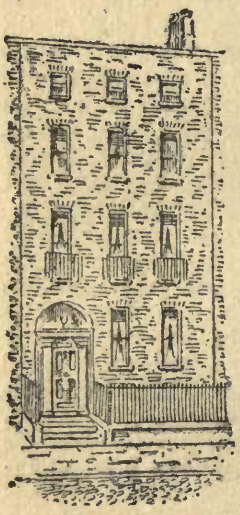
At **No. 141**, as we gather from an article recently contributed to one of our local daily papers, the

Reverend Charles P. Meehan was born in 1812, his father carrying on business there as a house decorator. (SEE EXCHANGE STREET, page 8).

The next turning to the left is

CAVENDISH ROW.

At **No. 3,** lived **John Thomas Troy,** Catholic Archbishop of Dublin (1786-1823), dying in the latter year, at the age of eighty-four. Webb (*Irish Biography*) says: "Of all Irish Catholics he was the most instrumental in helping to carry the Union, throwing all his influence into the Government scales." D'Alton speaks of him as a "truly learned and zealous pastor, . . . a lover and promoter of the most pure and Christian morality and vigilant in the discharge of his duty."



6 Cavendish Row.

At **No. 6,** for nearly thirty years, lived the eminent chemist and geologist, **Richard Kirwan.** Educated abroad, he was originally destined for the Catholic priesthood, and at one time contemplated retirement as a monk. The fascinations, personal or pecuniary, of a daughter of the Dowager Lady Blake, however, proving too strong for his celibate tendencies, he married in 1787, and became a widower eight years later. He lived happily, we are told, with his wife, chiefly in London, but part of the time with his mother-in-law at Menlo, who used to object to the pursuit of his studies

in the early hours of the morning, telling him that "she never intended her daughter to be the wife of a monk," on which Mr. Kirwan, a little ruffled, made some unlucky allusion to the champagne he drank on the evening he proposed for the lady." Michael O'Donovan, who imparts these items of domestic information in his *Memoir* of Kirwan in vol. iv. of the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy (of which Kirwan was president) tells us further that "about 1787, Mr. Kirwan's health becoming delicate, he was compelled to relinquish the splendid life he led in London. . . . . During that year he returned to Dublin, and soon after he took the house No. 6 Cavendish Row, where he continued all the rest of his life. He there resumed his literary and scientific career. He was intimate with Doctors Magee, Graves, Elrington, and others, then fellows of the College, and on terms of friendship with Lord Norbury, Speaker Foster, and Lord Charlemont. On Wednesdays, at six o'clock, he received his friends. "At seven the knocker was removed from the hall-door, and this was the signal that he was not to be seen, for he felt disinclined to disturb his guests with introductions or the noise of the knocker." Kirwan was found on these occasions reclining on a couch rolled in a cloak, with another cloak covering his lower limbs, and wearing a hat, and with a blazing fire in the room at all seasons. He was allowed to wear his hat even in a court of justice, and "so consistently anxious was he to keep up the supply of caloric, that if accosted in the street by the Viceroy himself, he would eagerly push on, and unless his friend joined him at the same rapid pace, there was no chance of one word of conversation. His food was taken for the most part in a liquid form, owing to a complaint of the throat which made swallowing difficult, and he took his meals alone both when at home and on a visit, the consciousness that the act of eating was accompanied by distressful convulsions of the face and neck rendering him naturally intolerant of

companionship at those seasons. "Like Domitian," says Donovan, "Mr. Kirwan had a great abhorrence of flies, and he allowed his servants a small premium per dozen for killing them. . . . He never lost his priestly aspect, and to the end of his long life was always to be seen wrapped in a sacerdotal coat. This he did not relinquish even in the house, no more than his hat—a strange cross between Guy Fawkes' and Dr. Troy's." Like Dr. Johnson, who, by the way, met his match in Kirwan in respect of erudition, Kirwan had no pleasure in the "concord of sweet sounds," and it is said on one occasion when Lady Morgan was singing for him to her harp, he forcibly took her hand from the instrument, comparing the performance to the howl of an expiring dog. As a conversationalist he was delightful, sustaining without monopolising the flow of talk, and always bright and genial. Ladies were only admitted as visitors on a Thursday—which was his "shaving day." He died here in 1812 at the age of about seventy: the year of his birth is uncertain.

Cavendish Row forms part of the east side of

RUTLAND SQUARE.

At its northern end stands the gloomy-looking stone mansion, now the General Register and Census Office, known as **Charlemont House.** This was the residence of **James Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont,** who built it in 1773. For about ten years previously he had a house in London. He now lived more constantly in Ireland, and Charlemont House became the great centre of attraction among the educated and upper classes, and exercised in its turn an elevating influence on society. Beauclerk, writing to him from London soon after his settling in Dublin, and urging him to attend the meeting of the club, says: "If you do not come over here I will bring all the club over to

Ireland to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you; stay then if you can." The younger Grattan, in the *Life and Times of Henry Grattan*, says: "Lord Charlemont was the most accomplished man of his day, the most polished and the most agreeable. He was, in these respects, superior to any person that had yet

Charlemont House, Rutland Square.

appeared in Ireland. . . . . His society was charming. He was fond of humour, and liked sometimes to be severe, and occasionally indulged in sarcasm, but never on his company. He was full of spirit, of integrity, and of public virtue. He possessed ambition, a great love of fame, and a great contempt for money. From a highly interesting article in the *Irish Times* of September, 1886, we learn that Lord Charlemont was "never at school or college. . . . . He seems to have got into dissipated society, so common at that period, and was taken off to travel abroad under the care of a travelling tutor, Edward Murphy. . . . . He spent five whole years in Italy, then a country of intrigue. It was said he had been poisoned there by an Italian lady through jealousy. He was always more or less

ailing from this cause. He was greatly bent. His eyes were affected, and sea-bathing he found most beneficial." Then we have a picture of him taking his solitary breakfast of a cup of cocoa at Charlemont House with a tame mouse for his only companion; an account of how Miss Mary Hickman commiserated his loneliness and made him an admirable wife, though "after his marriage he adhered to his solitary breakfast." "He had no great costly dinners, but was so hospitable that no one knew who would dine there, for he asked whom he would on the instant. He led the life of an invalid—had mint teas and other slops. . . . . He detested new clothes, especially a new hat, and great arts were used to substitute a new one. In riding he used to fling his arms about, so that the street boys would cry out after him, 'Where are you flying to, my lord?'" He died here in 1799, aged seventy-one, "in a room on the north or side next Granby Row." (See MARINO, page 119).

GRANBY ROW.

No. 7 was the residence of **James Whiteside,** afterwards Chief Justice, at the time of his memorable defence of O'Connell, in 1842. "As a young man," says a writer in *Temple Bar*, 1864, "he had a capacious forehead, long, progressive-looking nose—that is, a nose indicative of strength of character and a determination to follow anything he undertook; his shoulders were broad, and his figure, though tall and commanding, looked best when attired in the forensic gown." Some other notes from the same source are given under his later residence in Mountjoy Square. (See page 100).

Granby Row leads into

DORSET STREET.

No. 12 is one of the most memorable of Dublin houses as the birth-place of **Richard Brinsley Sheridan,**

in 1751. The bare fact alone can be recorded. Of no eminent man are details of the private life, not only in infancy and youth, but of his entire career, so scanty. He died in 1816, at the age of sixty-five.

HENRIETTA STREET.

At **No. 6**, until shortly before his death, lived **Patrick Duigenan, LL.D.**, King's Advocate and Judge of the Prerogative Court of Ireland. "Almost as famous in the House of Commons for his antiquated bob-wig and Connemara stockings as he was for his anti-Catholic proclivities" (*Dictionary of National Biography*). Wills (*Irish Nation*) says he was "no orator, but he was the next thing—a speaker in earnest. He had much learning, sagacity, and experience." He was a warm advocate of the Union, and though a deadly opponent of the Roman Catholic religion, put no restraint on his wife's professed adherence to that creed, but kept a Roman Catholic chaplain in his house for her spiritual benefit. Barrington (*Rise and Fall*) says: "He was hospitable and surly, sour and beneficent, prejudiced and liberal, friendly and inveterate. . . . He was an honest man, with an outrageous temper and perverted judgment. . . . . His strong, sturdy person, and coarse, obstinate, dogmatic, intelligent countenance indicated many of his characteristic qualities. He died in London in 1816, at the age of eighty-one.

No. 11, next to the Law Library, on the south, was the residence of **Henry Boyle, Earl of Shannon**, in his untitled days Speaker of the House of Commons, and "of such power," says a writer in the *Irish Times* (Nov. 19th, 1886), that no one dared to contest a borough or a county without ascertaining how the Speaker was inclined." In appearance the Earl was the reverse of attractive, as may be seen from his portrait

in the National Portrait Gallery, with red hair and grey eyes. He died in 1764.

At **No. 9** lived **Arthur Moore,** Second Justice of the Common Pleas, 1815-38. The writer in the *Irish Times*, quoted in the previous paragraph, says: "He had a hard head (for port wine), a rich brogue, and a good-natured, leering address; he . . . . travelled in his carriage-and-four (as was then customary) in his red robes—to strike the more awe;" and tells the following anecdote of "Judy Moore," as he was nicknamed: "Once, when Judy Moore was trying sheep-stealers (for whom there is no mercy at the hands of a jury of Kilkenny farmers), the evidence being clear, the foreman of the jury was signing the issue paper, when the prisoner, addressing Moore, who was standing up on the bench with his hands in his breeches-pockets, said, 'My lord, I'm innocent;' Moore answered him, looking at the jury and then at the audience with a humorous leer, 'My man, the jury will give you their opinion on that immaydiately,' amid the laughter of the whole court."

A former tenant of No. 9, as we gather from the article quoted above, was **Thomas Carter,** Secretary of State and Master of the Rolls, 1734-54, who is supposed to have built it in the first-named year. 1763 is assumed to be the date of his death.

No. 10 has a double interest, associated with death and marriage; the first, that of the lying-in-state of the Viscountess Mountjoy, in 1814, whose husband was two years later to become Earl of Blessington; the second, the presentation to his friends, by the Earl, of the late relict of the deceased Captain Farmer, who met his death in a drunken brawl in the Fleet Prison, as the newly wedded **Marguerite, Countess of Blessington;** whose house in London was afterwards to become the centre of literary and artistic attraction, and of whom Mirabeau wrote: "She will draw wit out

of a fool; she strikes with such address the chords of self-love that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric." This latter event took place four years after the former, and midway in the interval, Mr. Madden (*Life of Lady Blessington*) tells us of "a dinner party at the house in Henrietta Street," at which Thomas Moore was a guest, when his lordship seemed to have entirely recovered his spirits." Probably his grief for the loss of his first wife was not to be measured by the cost of her funeral ceremonial—between £3,000 and £4,000, when one of the principal rooms was fitted up for the occasion at an enormous cost, the body having been brought from London, attended by six *professional mourners* who "remained in attendance in the chamber in becoming attitudes admirably regulated," while visitors were introduced by "the London undertaker" to "walk round the catafalque, ... covered with a velvet pall of the finest texture embroidered in gold and silver." "This great exhibition of extravagant grief, and the enormous outlay made for its manifestation," says Madden, "was in the bright and palmy days of Irish landlordism, when potatoes flourished, and people who had land in Ireland lived like princes." The stay of Lady Blessington here after her marriage appears to have been very brief. She went with her husband to London, after a visit to the Tyrone estates,

10 Henrietta Street.

and thence to Italy. Lord Blessington died in 1829, and Madden says the house was sold in 1837, to Tristram Kennedy for £1,700. "Blessington House," writes Mr. Prendergast, in the *Irish Times* of August, 1886, "has undergone great changes since it passed from the representatives of the Earl of Blessington. . . . . It was Mr. Kennedy that closed up the *porte cochère* about twenty-five years ago, and made the present hall-door entrance in the middle of the mansion —thus destroying the finest dining-room, as is evident by the beautiful cornice now seen in portions in different rooms. This alteration suited Mr. Kennedy's purpose, as he turned the mansion into barristers' chambers."

King's Inns Street, nearly opposite to Henrietta Street, off Bolton Street, leads us again into

GREAT BRITAIN STREET.

At **No. 176**—now, with the adjoining house a grocer's—during the first twenty years of the last century lived **John Brenan, M.D.** "As an excellent classical scholar," says the writer of the notice of him in Webb's *Irish Biography*, "a man of talent and humour, his sallies were long remembered. As editor of the *Milesian Magazine* he unhappily prostituted his talents by ridiculing for pay the Catholic leaders of his day, and abusing the members of his own profession." Bayle Bernard, in his *Life of Samuel Lover*, says: "Of the well-known Dr. Brenan, whose vivacious but somewhat personal and reckless magazine was so long the terror and delight of Dublin, he records this piece of satire: There was a rich physician of the time who never asked a friend to dinner, and in the columns of Brenan's obituary was announced the loss of the doctor's cat, as having died in her accouchement of 'a cold caught in the kitchen grate.'" Brenan was known as "the

wrestling doctor," being ardently devoted to gymnastics. It is said that he occasionally showed symptoms of mental disorder. He died in 1830, aged about sixty-two.

Retracing our steps a short distance, we pass up

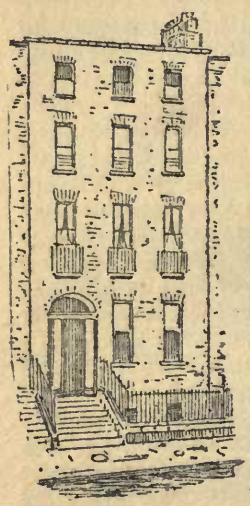
LOWER DOMINICK STREET.

At No. 45 **James Sheridan Le Fanu** was born in 1814, his father being the Reverend J. P. Le Fanu. (See MERRION SQUARE, page 68).

No. 57 was the residence in 1798 of **Leonard MacNally,** Curran's junior in most of the State trials consequent on the rebellion of that year. Phillips (*Curran and His Contemporaries*) thus describes him: "His very appearance fixed attention; not actually deformed, he seemed so. He had had the misfortune at one time or other, to have every bone in his body broken. . . . . Both his legs and his arms totally differing from each other: he limped like a witch. His eye and voice pierced you through like arrows, and served him well in a cross-examination." O'Flanagan (*Irish Bar*) says: "Mr. MacNally was a man of varied talent. He wrote several comedies, farces, and operas, all of which, with the exception of *Robin Hood*, were remorselessly damned. Being admonished by Lord Loughborough 'to abandon the muses and stick to the law,' he gave up the idea of succeeding as a playwright, and henceforth devoted himself to his professional duties. He also fought duels, and was nearly shot by Sir Jonah Barrington, whose ball was fortunately arrested by the buckle of MacNally's suspenders. He fell to the ground, exclaiming, 'I'm hit!' The surgeon in attendance, on examination, found he was more frightened than hurt. Then, discovering the cause of his patient's providential escape, exclaimed, 'By Jove!

man, you are the only rogue I ever knew *saved by the gallows* (a common term in Ireland for suspenders). MacNally died in 1820 at the age of seventy-eight. (See HARCOURT STREET, page 48).

Returning down Dominick Street, on the east side, **No. 1** is notable as the residence of **Archibald Hamilton Rowan** in 1794, and the scene of his adventurous escape from the custody of the authorities of Newgate, where he was confined on a charge of disseminating seditious addresses among the Volunteers. The writer has failed to find any definite reference to the house in existing accounts of the occurrence, but a search in the Registry of Deeds disclosed the fact that the lease of the house No. 1, "bounded on the west by Dominick Street and on the east by Stable Lane," was assigned by William Gilbert, Bookseller, on behalf of Rowan, on the 30th of May—a month after Rowan's escape — to William Cunningham Plunkett, for 891 years, at a rental of £80 per annum. The story is thus summarised in Mr. Curran's *Sketches of the Irish Bar* from Mr. Rowan's own account: "Having discovered [on the 28th of April] the extent of the danger in which he was involved, he arranged a plan of flight, to be put in execution on the night of the 1st of May. He had the address to prevail upon the under-gaoler of Newgate, who knew nothing further of his prisoner than that he was under sentence of confinement for a political



1 Lower Dominick St.

libel, to accompany him at night to Mr. Rowan's own house. They were received by Mrs. Rowan, who had supper prepared in the front room of the second floor. The supper over, the prisoner requested the gaoler's permission to say a word or two in private to his wife in the adjoining room. The latter consented on the condition of the door between the two rooms remaining open. He had so little suspicion of what was meditated, that instead of examining the state of this other room, he contented himself with shifting his chair at the supper-table, so as to give him a view of the open doorway. In a few seconds the prisoner was beyond his reach, having descended by a single rope which had been slung from the window of the back chamber. The rope was too short by some feet, and his descent into the area caused a sprain in one of his ankles, the pain of which was for a moment excessive, but it quickly subsided. In his stable he found a horse ready saddled, and a peasant's outside coat to disguise him." By the assistance of his attorney, Mathew Dowling, and a friend, Mr. Sweetman, living on the north side of Dublin Bay, he was enabled to cross to France, whence he went to the United States. (See LEINSTER STREET, page 57).

William Cunningham Plunket was thirty years of age when he took the lease of 1 Dominick Street. His name does not appear in the Directory as residing in it until 1796. (See PLUNKET, page 40).

Again passing westward along Great Britain Street, we reach

STAFFORD STREET.

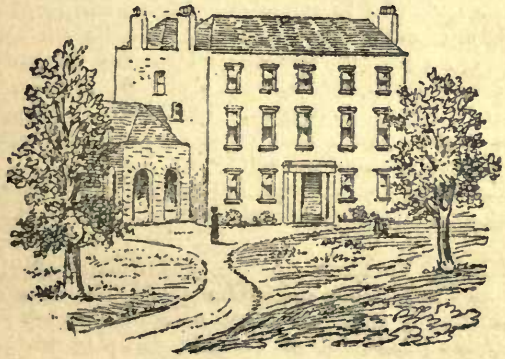
At **No. 44 Theobald Wolfe Tone** lived as a lad with his parents. Madden (*United Irishmen*) says: "It is stated in the Annual Register that Theobald, the eldest son of Peter Tone, was born in Stafford

Street in 1763. But in the Dublin Directory the address of 'Peter Tone, coachmaker, 44 Stafford Street,' appears only from 1770 to 1781, and in the intermediate period for a short time the family resided at 27 Bride Street, or lodged there." In his own *Life and Adventures* Tone says: "The school was in the same street where we lived (Stafford Street)," and goes on to say that his father, "meeting with an accident of a fall down-stairs, by which he was dreadfully wounded in the head, so that he narrowly escaped with life," retired to the country, "placing me with a friend near the school, where he paid for my board and lodging." In Barrington's *Personal Sketches* Tone is referred to as having an 'unfavourable' person and a thin and sallow countenance. A brief reference to the circumstances attending the close of the career of this able and courageous member of the United Irish Association may be admissible. Being taken, with some French prisoners, on board a French vessel, in which he had taken part in the fight with an English ship, he was tried by court-martial and condemned to be hanged. To avoid the ignominy of this form of execution he pierced his throat with a penknife in his cell. The surgeon had closed the wound and stated that four days must elapse before the result could be pronounced upon. On the morning of the 19th November, 1798, undoubted symptoms of approaching death appeared. The surgeon remarked to those about him that if he attempted to move or speak he must expire instantly. Tone took the hint thus inadvertently given and made a slight movement, saying: "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for," and with these words he expired.

NORTH-EAST SUBURB.

TAKING the "Clontarf" tramcar from the Nelson column, in Sackville Street, to the Crescent, Fairview, we take the road to the left of the Crescent, and at the end of a high stone wall, which encloses its grounds, reach the entrance gate of

Marino, formerly the residence of **James Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont.** Glimpses of the house, and



Marino, Clontarf

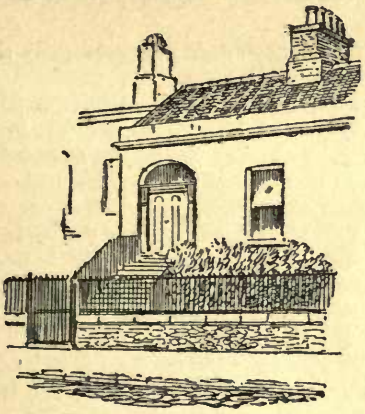
of the white dome of the famous casino, may be obtained from the road, and with these the visitor must be perforce content, the "Christian Brothers," to whom the house now belongs, not permitting the admittance of strangers within their gates; unless, it may be, on special application to the Superior. The house is a square of Portland stone, sixty feet to each side, and has been in its day

the shrine of some of the richest treasures of sculpture and painting, selected by the most critical taste from abroad. The special feature of the place is the casino above-mentioned, which contained vestibule, saloon, study, and boudoir, the floors being of inlaid woods. "Long galleries of groined brickwork extended on all sides under the soil of the park," writes Mr. Prendergast (*Irish Times*, Sept., 1886), "to give the site of the casino a proper elevation. So great was the cost of cutting the stones for the cornice, that one of the workmen is said to have cried out to his comrade on the scaffolding above, 'Look out! Here goes another townland.'" The house was originally on the road side; the course of the road being diverted so as to give an addition to the park. Lord Charlemont died at Charlemont House (see page 110). He left among his papers his own epitaph: "Here lies the body of James, Earl of Charlemont, a sincere, zealous, and active friend to his country. Let his posterity imitate him in that alone, and forget his manifold errors." The house was sold in 1880.

Returning to the road by the Bay we pass three rows of small houses of varied design. One of these is

Marino Terrace. At **No. 3 William Carleton,** the author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, was living in 1853. This was more than twenty years after the publication of the first series of his tales, which appeared in 1829. It is said that Carleton, who was the son of a small farmer, in county Tyrone, "attended a hedge school, travelled as a 'poor scholar,' and fed his literary tastes by reading all the books he could lay his hands on," and was led to try his fortune in Dublin, with only a few pence in his pocket, by a perusal of *Gil Blas* and the stimulus to adventure excited by that romance. Among the occupations which he sought for a livelihood—and for which he proved ignominously incompetent—was bird-stuffing.

In a biographical notice of him, in the *Dublin University Magazine*, 1841, it is said: "He has not been exempt from the difficulties which attend the pursuits he has



3 Marino Terrace, Fairview.

chosen, nor, truth compels us to add, free from the eccentricities, the imprudence, and the faults which are too often the attendants on genius. . . . . In private, Mr. Carleton is not often distinguished by any of the humour which appears in his writings. His conversation is generally of a thoughtful and melancholy cast, and, unless when he is excited, distinguished by no very remarkable quality." He removed from here to Rathgar Avenue, about 1855, and died in 1869. (See page 133).

NORTH-WEST SUBURB.

Dunsink Observatory is reached by Kingsbridge tramcar, or by outside car.

The **House** attached to the **Observatory** was for nearly forty years the home of **Sir William Rowan Hamilton**, who was made Superintendent of the Observatory in 1827, to the astonishment, it is said, of the astronomers of Europe. Hamilton, not having then attained the age of twenty-two, stepped at once from the position of an undergraduate to this important post. But he was a marvel of precocious talent. He had partially acquired a knowledge of Hebrew at four years old, and the elements of Greek and Latin before he was six, and at fourteen, his lingual acquirements embraced—beside Hebrew, Latin and Greek—four European and five Asiatic tongues. He was remarkable in his private life for his gentle, unassuming manners "a buoyant cheerfulness, an ingenious simplicity, a kindly human-heartedness, glad to praise, and glad to receive the reward of genuine approbation, a patient candour, a singleness of fidelity to truth, a love of all that is intellectually or morally noble. . . . He had little love of money, and was content to spend his days in the Observatory at Dunsink on a small salary" (*Dublin University Magazine*). He died at the Observatory House in 1855, at the age of sixty.

Edwin Wyndham Quin, Earl of Dunraven, whose work on Irish Archæology—the result of personal explorations of nearly every barony in Ireland, and nearly every island on the coast, accompanied by a photographer, was published in a superb form after his death in 1871—was for three years under Sir William Hamilton here.

NORTHERN SUBURB.

At **Glasnevin,** reached by tramcar from Sackville Street, we visit

Delville, the residence of **Patrick Delany,** and built by him and Doctor Helsham. It was called

Delville, Glasnevin.

originally Hel-Del-Ville. Its minute size is ridiculed in some verses by Sheridan, printed in Swift's works. Here are two of the couplets:

"You scarce upon the border enter
Before you're at the very centre,
* * * *
Yet in a narrow compass we
Observe a vast variety."

D'Alton (*History of the County of Dublin*) thus describes Delville in 1838: "A tall close gate and wall conceal it from the gaze of prying curiosity. . . . .

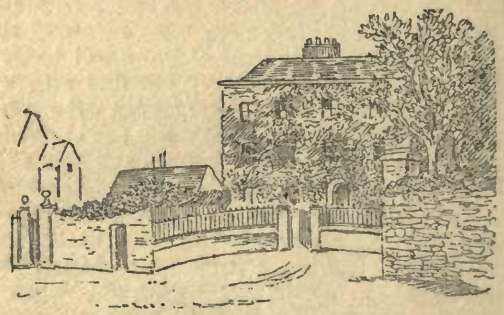
Within is the ancient edifice with its bower window; the old garden walls thickly flowering with the wild snap dragon; the gracefully undulated grounds; the broad terrace on which the peripatetics of another day have glided and philosophized; the magnificent trees on the brink of the rivulet; the fine mount and the turret overlooking the business of the distant city, the dark vault beneath that turret where the first impression of the *Legion Club* is supposed to have been printed; the temple with its fresco painting of Saint Paul and its medallion of the bust of Stella, by Mrs. Delany; the inscription on the frieze at its front—*Fastigia despicit urbis*, attributed to Swift, and supposed to allude to the situation of this villa; the temples scattered through the little domain, the rustic bridges; the baths; . . . . all powerfully mark the taste and elegance that formed and enlivened this scene." Mrs. Pendarves, who afterwards became Mrs. Delany, writes to Swifte, "The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Mr. Delany's set; the next time you meet may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable, I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as which I received from that company." On July 12, 1743, she thus describes the interior, as its new mistress: "The front of the house is simple, but pretty—five windows in front, two storeys high, with a portico at the hall-door, to which you ascend by six steps, ... on the right hand is the eating parlour, twenty feet long and sixteen and a-half wide, with a projection in the middle which opens thirteen feet and is eight feet deep, with three windows, and large enough for two sideboards; . . . . on the left hand of the hall is another large room, . . . designed for a chapel when we are rich enough to finish it as we ought to do. . . . . Beyond the staircase, below, is a little hall, on the right hand is a small parlour where we breakfast and sup; out of it is our present bed-chamber, ... very pretty, and lies pleasantly to the gardens, and as we sit by the fireside

we can see the ships ride in the harbour." Then follows a description of the drawing-room, with its tapestry, curtains and chairs of crimson mohair, mantle tables and looking glasses; "the bed-chamber within hung with crimson damask, ... the closet within it most delightful. . . . . This bed-chamber and closet are on the left hand of the drawing-room." The editor of Mrs. Delany's *Memoirs* states that he "read this account of Delville to a lady who knew it well, who had been there in July, 1860, and who stated that it might still serve as a description of the place, also that she had seen quantities of shells in heaps which had evidently been pulled down to repair or alter buildings, but that the former possessors, Mr. and Mrs. Mallet, had, with great care, preserved some rooms as they were." Delany was made Dean of Down by interest of the relations of Mrs. Pendarves. His first wife, who died in 1741, brought him £1,600 a year. Swift tells Pope, Jan. 7, 1737, that "Delany was one of the few men not spoilt by an access of fortune, and praises his hospitality and generosity which often left him without money as before." He died in 1768, at the age of eighty-three or eighty-four, having been nearly sixty at the time of his second marriage. Mrs. Delany went to London at his death, her subsequent career in intimate association with royalty and the court supplying much of the material for her *Memoirs*. She died in 1788, at eighty-eight years of age.

SOUTHERN SUBURB.

STARTING from the southern side of the Clanbrassil Bridge across the Canal—whither the "Kenilworth Square" tramcar conducts us from College Green—we turn, opposite Greenmount, into

Mount Drummond Avenue. Here, on the left, half shrouded in ivy, is the house in the immediate vicinity of which **Robert Emmet** was arrested at



Mount Drummond Avenue.

about seven in the evening of the 25th of August, 1803. Madden, in his *United Irishmen*, gives Major Sirr's account of the arrest, "as subsequently given in evidence on his trial, to the following effect:" "On the evening of the 25th of August he went to the house of one Palmer, at Harold's Cross; had heard there was a stranger in the back parlour; rode there accompanied by a man on foot, who knocked at the door. On its being opened by a little girl, the daughter of Mrs. Palmer, the major alighted and ran immediately into

the back parlour; he desired the woman and the little girl to withdraw, and then asked the prisoner his name. He said it was Cunnnigham. The man who accompanied the major was then left in charge of the prisoner by the major, while he went into the next room to make inquiries of Mrs. Palmer, who said the prisoner's name was Hewitt. The major then came back and asked him how long he had been there; he said he came that morning. He had attempted to escape before the major returned, for he was bloody, and the man said he had knocked him down with a pistol. The major then went to Mrs. Palmer, who said the prisoner had lodged there for a month. He judged he was a person of importance. . . . . The major then went to the Canal Bridge for a guard, having desired them to be in readiness as he passed by. He placed a sentry over the prisoner, and desired the non-commissioned officers to surround the house with sentries while he searched it. The major then examined Mrs. Palmer, and took down her account of the prisoner, during which time he heard a noise, as if an escape were attempted. He instantly ran to the back of the house, as the most likely part for him to get out at; he saw him going off and ordered a sentinel to fire, and then he pursued the fugitive, regardless of the order. The sentry snapped but the musket did not go off. He overtook the prisoner, and he said, 'I surrender.' The major searched him, and found some papers on him." The account current in the neighbourhood is that Emmet—presumably knocking over the second sentry—mounted to the top floor, and jumped from the window at the gable end of the building on to a hayrick, and had succeeded in getting over the wall at the end of a long garden, before he was taken. (See concluding paragraph of "The PRIORY," page 131). Emmet was twenty-four years of age when executed. He is described as slight in person, with regular features, and high but retreating forehead, with eyes bright and full of expression, and a sallow complexion.

Our next point of interest is two miles distant; the tram road extends a mile and a quarter of that distance to Terenure, the remainder can be traversed on foot or on steam tramcar.

Fortfield, formerly the country seat of **Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore,** stands a short way from the main road on the right, approached by a by-road, on the left of which will be seen the red-brick lodge. It is a substantial square edifice with a portico. Here Lord Avonmore is assumed to have lived almost entirely after his elevation to the bench, as no record is found of any house in Dublin occupied by him after he left Ely Place. (See page 75.)

Three-quarters of a mile or less from Fortfield, on the main road, we come to a quaint, old-world-looking structure presenting a circular tower at one corner to the road, approached through iron gates, and by a long straggling path across a narrow stream, the general aspect suggesting that some change for the worse must have taken place since Mr. Fitzpatrick penned the sub-joined description. This is

Templeogue House, which was for about two years the home of **Charles James Lever.** "Templeogue House," says Mr. Fitzpatrick (*Life of Lever*) "is described as the former resort of the Knight Templars, and is one of several mansions in which King James is traditionally said to have slept on the night of his defeat at the Boyne. Its great courtyard, with the impregnably high walls and gate piers twenty feet high, the old Dutch waterfall, terraced walks, gigantic grottos, extensive gardens, and avenues of trees, attest its former importance. Its sweeping avenue is entered by a massive old iron gate, between high piers tipped by globes of granite." Lever came to live here on his becoming editor of the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1842. Mr. Fitzpatrick says that he "held aloof from

general society in Dublin. . . . . Genial men whom he brought to his house made it most enjoyable. Men of wit and letters were by degrees recruited, generally summoned by such welcome missives as 'Come and dine to meet the Magazine' . . . . Lever liked cards, and many a night until the small hours the play ran high. He once played all night at Kingstown, intending to

Templeogue House.

leave Ireland by the morning boat, but the chances of the game chained him to his seat, and he let the ship depart and continued to play all that day until the rapidly tolled bell of the evening boat led him at last to desist and run." One guest as reported by Pearce, Lever's amanuensis, "after playing whist with Lever until the small hours, had to make some public examination at the University, and had barely time, on arrival at Trinity, to slip on his gown and hasten into the hall, where, seated in his arm-chair, he exclaimed, in the midst of a perfect silence, 'Now, then, play!'" The following story of M'Glashan, the publisher, "the only bookseller Lever ever praised," is given as recorded by Hayman, by Mr. Fitzpatrick: "The last time I dined at his house was at one of the 'menagerie feeds'—all the staff, great and small, were present. Lever told with infinite drollery that a little while before at a

similar Festival, the Scot, fearing to be made 'fou' by the wild Irish scribblers, left the dinner at which he was present to join the ladies in the drawing-room. After a while the company heard unearthly noises in the pantry just behind the dining-room. They listened and they wondered. What could it be? Were there really ghosts in the house, as had been whispered in ancient traditions. But, summoning courage, they went *en masse*, and found that worthy M'Glashan had, under the impression that he was going upstairs to the ladies, ascended shelf by shelf of the pantry, and was now lying full length on the uppermost, kicking furiously at the ceiling and side-walls, and expressing surprise that he 'could not get upstairs.' They were as sober as judges, the canny Scot *was* 'fou.'" Though an admirable conversationalist, Lever is reported to have been not very happy in *repartee*. It is not surprising to find in a man of his temperament that he was "sometimes very indolently inclined," and that he "was negligent and careless about correcting his proofs." In the winter of 1844, wearied and worried in his post of editor, and afflicted with the gout, he relinquished his office and left Dublin to reside in Italy. Mr. Fitzpatrick denies emphatically that there was any truth in the rumours circulated at the time that "Lever was over head and ears in debt and found it wise to cut," and states on the authority of Judge Longfield that "so far as could be ascertained, when leaving Ireland, Lever did not owe a pound." Occasional visits were paid by Lever to Dublin in later years. He died at Trieste, in 1872, at the age of sixty-two.

A short distance on the way back from Templeogue House a bridge crosses the Dodder, by which access may be gained to a road running almost due south from Rathfarnham, on the right of which, approached by a long, winding drive from the lodge gate, stands **The Priory,** the suburban retreat of **John Philpot**

Curran. It was so designated, as we learn from D'Alton's *County of Dublin*, from Curran himself having been the prior of a convivial society called "The Monks of the Screw." Lord Charlemont, Hussey, Burgh, and Grattan were among the members. Curran was Master of the Rolls during his residence here, and visitors from among his legal friends were frequent. "There were beds prepared for the guests, a precaution by no means inconsiderate. When breakfast came it was sometimes problematical how the party were to return. If all were propitious, the carriage was in waiting; if a cloud was seen, however, the question came: 'Gentlemen, how do you propose getting to court?' Ominous was the silence which ushered in the summons: 'Richard, harness the mule to the jaunting car, and take the gentlemen to town.' One of this worthy animal's most favourite pastimes was to carry the company into a pool of water which lay by the roadside! Of course the host knew nothing of the mule's jocularity, and most certainly it never was suggested to him by any refusal of an invitation to the Priory." —Philips' *Curran and His Contemporaries.* From the same source we learn that "ostentation was a stranger to his house, so was formality of any kind. . . . . His habits were peculiar—some of them, perhaps, eccentric. For instance, an old person was scarcely ever seen within his dwelling. . . . . The aspect of old age depressed him, while youths' joyousness seemed to revive his own. Of his early bar associates whose countenances indicated the ravages of time, I never remember one as a guest at the Priory."

A search was made here for treasonable papers after the apppehension of Robert Emmet, who was known to be engaged to be married to Curran's daughter; his arrest being, in fact, the consequence of his emerging from his concealment in the Wicklow Mountains for an interview with her before escaping to France. He afterwards went to a house at Harold's Cross, where he was taken. (See page 126).

Near the entrance gate of the Priory, on the other side of the road, stands

Silverton. Here **James Henthorn Todd** died in 1869. (See page 3).

A walk of about a mile brings us to

Rathfarnham Castle, or rather to the lofty entrance gate to its grounds; high walls conceal it on all sides from the village, but a fair view is to be obtained from a point a few hundred yards further on the Dublin

Rathfarnham Castle.

road. It was built by **Archbishop Loftus,** who lived 1534-1605, and was the residence also of his grandson, **Dudley Loftus,** who defended Dublin from the incursions of the Irish of the Wicklow Mountains, was made a judge of the Prerogative Court, and, notwithstanding his learning, was "accounted an improvident and unwise person," of whom some notable person said, "He never knew so much learning in the keeping of a fool." **Francis Blackburne** (see page 66) died here in 1867. The property still remains in the possession of the family.

The "Rathmines" tramcar runs direct from Rathfarnham to College Green.

Another short excursion southward is by "Clon-

skeagh" tramcar from College Green to a short distance from the point where the railway crosses the Ranelagh Road. Here, on the right of Cullenswood Road, is

Elm Park, the residence of **Major Sirr,** who, as Town-Major of Dublin, effected the seizure of the Press newspaper and the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798, and of Robert Emmet in 1803. He is described as overbearing and imperious, of great bravery, but, with a prudent regard for the safety of his person in his exceptionally hazardous vocation, accustomed to wear a coat of mail under his ordinary dress. He had the reputation of a connoisseur in the fine arts. In the latter part of his career he was a police-magistrate. He died in 1841, at the age of about eighty-two.

At a distance of half a mile, standing back from the road on the right, is a row of small houses called

Woodville. No. 2 was the last home of **William Carleton,** and the scene of his death (See page 120).

SOUTH-EAST SUBURB.

TAKING the "Blackrock" tramcar from Nelson's Pillar to the town of that name, and following the Kingstown road a short distance we reach, on the left, nearly opposite the church, a length of tree-shaded wall, with iron-plated gates, and a stone inscription:

"**Maretimo.**" The plain but extensive structure within was the residence of **Lord Cloncurry,** of

Maretimo, Blackrock.

whom some account will be found on page 139. He died here in 1853. The formerly extensive grounds are now built upon or let for other uses.

A little further on, at the junction of Temple Road, on the right, we follow the line of a high wall on the left, passing an old entrance now blocked up, and reach an iron gate set back in a semicircle. Within stands a white stone mansion with balustraded roof. This is

Temple Hill House, or, as it has been also called, Neptune, the residence of **Lord Clonmell** (see page 46) at the close of his life, which was shortened, as some say, by the chagrin which he experienced owing to the action of one Magee, editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, whom, by a *fiat* he had severely handled. Magee purchased a small piece of ground close to and in front of Lord Clonmell's mansion, and named it Fiat Hill. "He had amassed, as he stated, somewhere," says Phillips (*Curran and His Contemporaries*) "about £14,000, ten of which he settled on his family and 'the remainder, with God's blessing, he meant to spend on Lord Clonmell.' Accordingly, placards appeared all over Dublin inviting the inhabitants to a great *Olympic pig-hunt* to be given at Magee's exclusive cost." Here the most ludicrous games and exhibitions took place: dancing dogs in barristers' costumes, ass races—the jockies wearing wigs and gowns. "The scene," says Phillips, "is not describable; Donnybrook never saw its equal, and Clonmell, almost in fits, marked the gradual operation of the potteen by the comparative unanimity of the uproar." The climax was the pig-hunt. "Away went the frighted and infuriated animals, and away went their pursuers, scarcely less excited, and away soon went the hedge of Temple Hill, and all the decorations of the grounds and gardens." It was said Magee went mad with his victory. Lord Clonmell, however, lived for eight years after, and political disquietude is assigned as a more probable cause of the broken health from which he suffered. It is recorded that, meeting with a chimney-sweep whose smiles beamed through his sooty skin, he said, with a sigh, "I would rather be a young sweep than an old judge." Reports of his death were frequent prior to that event. Once, when he was really very ill, a friend remarked to Curran, "Well, they say Clonmell is going to die at last. Do you believe it?" "I believe," said Curran, "he is scoundrel enough to live or die as suits

his own convenience." He died in 1798, on the day before the outbreak of the rebellion. His age was fifty-nine.

Returning to the town by the Temple Road, on the left is Carysfort Avenue. At a little distance on the right in this road is

Carysfort House, formerly the country residence of **William Saurin.** (See page 41).

In the town, by the main street, is

Herbert Terrace. At **No. 4** died **Denis Florence M'Carthy,** author of "Poems, Ballads, and Lyrics," whose latest work, an ode for the Centenary of Thomas Moore, was recited to vast audiences in Dublin. He was a member of the Irish Bar, but never practised.

Returning on foot towards Dublin we pass on the left a row of villas, one of which, facing the entrance to the public gardens by the bay, as indicated on its gate-posts, is called

Frescati. The adjoining house, formerly shared the title and the approach, and a part of the combined structure was occupied for a year by **Lord Edward Fitzgerald.** He writes to his mother, May 6th, 1793: "Wife and I are come to settle here; we came last night, and are enjoying the little book-room with the window open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered, and with the passage door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela is now working at her frame, and upon the two little stands are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati gives me." In another letter he says: "I am here constantly. Pam. has not been in town since we came." In June, 1794, he had removed to Kildare, having previously given up gardening, of which he was

very fond, because there was a rumour that the Viceroy was in treaty for the house. He writes, "I hated that all my trouble should go for that vile Lord W——, and my flowers to be for aides-de-camps, chaplains, and all such followers of a Lord Lieutenant."

A walk of about half a-mile brings us to Booterstown, turning off at a sharp angle on the left is

Booterstown Avenue. At **No. 3** resided **Dr. Richard Madden,** the accomplished writer of travels and biography, and whose most important book (*Lives of the United Irishmen*) has been of the greatest service in the compilation of this work. The son of a Dublin Merchant, Mr. Madden was, until 1850, employed chiefly in the colonial branch of the government civil service, principally the department connected with the suppression of the slave trade, "winning the unreserved approbation of . . . . Lords Glenelg, Palmerston, Russell, Daly, and Normanby, as well as eliciting the admiration of such members of of his own profession as Gregory, Cooper, Brodie, Johnson, Crampton, Kirby, and O'Reilly" (*Dublin University Magazine*, 1887). Dr. Madden died here in 1886, at the age of eighty-eight.

CELBRIDGE

is twelve miles distant from Dublin, and a mile and a half from the Celbridge Station, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, with Kingsbridge Station as the point of departure.

Celbridge House, near the village, is memorable as the residence of Colonel and Lady Sarah Napier, with their eight children, of whom the sons were Charles, afterwards General Napier, conqueror of Scinde; George, afterwards General Sir George Napier, Governor at the Cape; **William Francis;** Richard,

who became a Queen's Counsel; and Henry of the Royal Navy. The house was called by the country people "The Eagle's Nest," on account of the remarkable features and high spirit of the Napier boys. "Colonel Napier," says H. A. Bruce in his *Life of William Francis Napier*, "was, himself, cast in the true heroic mould; he possessed uncommon powers, mental and bodily; his capacity for war, science, and for civil affairs was great." William was educated, with his brothers, at a large grammar school in Celbridge, the master of which is described as a "passionate, ill-judging man." The writer above-quoted tells the following interesting anecdote of the future hero, William:—"Charles, William's eldest brother, organised his school-fellows as a volunteer corps. . . . . On the occasion of one of their drill parades, William Napier, then a boy of eleven, being insubordinate under arms, was, by order of his young commander, tried by a drum-head courtmartial and sentenced to some penalty to which the culprit would not submit. His brother, Charles, accordingly ordered in true Roman spirit, for he loved the offender dearly, that he should be drummed out of the corps. This was carried into effect, but in a disorderly manner, with hooting, and when the mob closed on the young recusant, William, his fiery nature revolting against the insult, whirling a large bag of marbles like a sling, discharged them amid the crowd, and then, charging, broke the obnoxious drum, and forced his most prominent assailant, greatly his superior in age and size, to single combat. Although getting far the worst of it, and badly hurt in the fight, William, still refusing to give in, was restored to the ranks by his brother for the pluck he had shown.

A drive or a walk of about three miles, almost due south from Celbridge, takes us to

Lyons, the residence of **Valentine Lawless, Baron Cloncurry,** who came to the title on the

death of his father, while himself a prisoner in the Tower (see MERRION STREET, page 72), and settled here in 1811. "I had my wife's three children and my own," he writes (*Personal Recollections*) "a large family, at Lyons, and in all that related to my individual concerns, there were few happier or more contented men. . . . . I erected a fine place, and employed an army of men, at a cost, indeed, of at least £200,000. . . . . My domestic circle was ever a joyous one, and seldom failed to be enlarged by the addition of four or five friends from among those who sympathised or bore with my unfashionable National politics." Rowan, Grattan, and Curran, were among his guests here. Lady Morgan (*Memoirs*) records a visit here, June 27, 1830. "Returned from Lyons—Lord Cloncurry's, a large party—the first day good, Shiel, Curran, and Jack Lattan. . . . . After all, Lord Cloncurry is the drollest of the droll; he makes me laugh more than any one, ... made me die by the simple way he told me that when the Duke of Northumberland was coming to stay a few days at Maretimo, he said to Lord Cloncurry, 'Do not put yourself to any inconvenience for my people (his servants), they never drink either port or claret.' 'Upon my word,' said Lord Cloncurry, 'I am very glad to hear it, for with me they will only get small beer.'" King George was entertained here when he visited Ireland. Among his occupations Lord Cloncurry projected, in 1827, a ship canal from Dublin to Galway, a scheme which was carried out on similar lines thirty-six years after. His *Personal Recollections* appeared in 1849, and the bad taste displayed in the publication of the contemporary correspondence they contained called forth some severe comments. Of the physical characteristics of Lord Cloncurry the writer has not been able to meet with any description. He died at Maretimo, his residence at Blackrock (see page 134), in 1853, at the age of eighty.

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